

MACLEAN'S

SPECIAL ISSUE: 2002 HONOUR ROLL



10

CANADIANS WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE

JOHN DE CHASTELAIN | MARC GAGNON

DAVID GANONG | JANE JACOBS | DIANA KRALL


ADEENA NIAZI | GILLES PINETTE | BECKIE SCOTT

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A 'RENOVATION', BY DESIGN

In preparing for the future, Maclean's looked to its past of constant evolution

FIRST, THE OBVIOUS: this week's issue of Maclean's has a different look and feel. The changes start with the cover logo—a stylized tribute to the Maclean's logo of the early 1960s—and extend through to features including an expanded table of contents, a new op-ed page, new design, and some new editorial offerings.

Despite that, we don't think of this as a "new" Maclean's—but rather, to use a word familiar to any homeowner, it's a renovation. That implies preserving the history, character and strongest elements, and re-inventing them to meet new needs, and to make the structure more accommodating for use. Maclean's has often done that since its 1945 inception, as you can see by the collection of past covers we display on pages 6-7. We've preserved a business and general interest magazine—one that at times seemed fusty—and, once becoming a weekly newsmagazine, we continue to evolve.

In philosophical terms, we want a magazine that readers perceive as smart, self-confident, and flexible in its approach to news. In a crowded media environment, consumers want their information sources to be reliable, credible—and intelligent. An asserted appearance reflects the way our readership—Canadians—view themselves and their place in the world. Flexibility is essential, because we can't compartmentalize our own events that happen thousands of kilometers away from a dark bearing on everything from our bank mortgages to gas prices to how long we wait at airports. One of our most important jobs is to explain how, and why, those events affect your life.

In addition to traditionally reported news, the middle of the magazine now offers instances that allow newsmakers and others to speak, unfiltered, through essays, question and answer sessions, and our new Interview page, which combines photography and first-person narrative. At times, it's useful for journalists to offer

informed analysis—but sometimes, it's important to step back, and let readers draw conclusions based directly on the words of the people making news.

The redesign overseen by Art Director Denise Bruggen and Associate Art Director Gary Hall also highlights changes that have already taken place within Maclean's over the last year or so. Essays, photo essays and Q-and-As, for example, have been part of our mix for some time, although we're increasing their frequency. Our goal in opening our pages to different people isn't a uniformity of opinion, but rather a uniform excellence in those we feature.

One such voice is our new Contributing Editor, Calgary-based author Will Ferguson. His semi-regular 2000 Ferguson's Canada begins this week. Will, who has travelled the length and breadth of the country, is the author of nine books, and winner of this year's Leacock award for humour for his book *Happiness 7M*. He'll profile different areas in different parts of Canada—in a way that's both amusing and informative.

Overall, our focus remains Canada—as evidenced this week in our annual Honour Roll, overseen by Executive Editor Michael Benditt. We also continue to continue the world through Canadian eyes—such as this week's combination essay/photo essay on Afghanistan. As to the magazine, the process never really ends: there's always more tinkering to be done. You tell us what you like, and what you think we can do better, and we'll keep working it in. To the magazine, Happy Canada Day.

Andrew Wilson-Smith

argued@maclean.ca or comment@pamela.ca

MACLEAN'S

Maclean's Magazine

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A COVER STORY

Maclean's updated look draws from its history

WHETHER THROUGH a cover by a member of the Group of Seven (J.E.H. MacDonald in 1917) or the work of Franklin Artzfeld, who so excelled at capturing the look and soul of Canada in the '40s and '50s, Maclean's has often, since its 1905 founding, had occasion to showcase some of the finest work of Canadian visual artists.

Maclean's design hit new heights in 1962 with Allan Fleming's appointment as art director. A graphic artist and typographer, Fleming is held in high regard for his advertising and corporate design work, such as the CN logo and its use. As Maclean's guiding visual presence, he brought new rigor to the use of type and layout. As Robert Fulford wrote, Fleming "was a large talent with a passion for small details."

The magazine's new design pays homage to Fleming's work, while looking ahead to a world in which Canadian art talent has a lead role on the global stage. Expertise contributors include renowned California-based photographer Deborah Samuel, Barry Blitt, the illustrator whose work appears regularly in *The New Yorker*, and illustrator Ross MacDonald, whose work can be seen in *The New York Times Magazine*, *Rolling Stone* and *Harper's*.

In seeking new ways to serve readers, we renovated the most ubiquitous element of any magazine—our type. The new typeface, the first created specifically for a Canadian magazine, was designed by typographer Rod MacDonald. Known as Maclean's *Text*, it maximizes the strong horizontal flow of type to make it easy to read. As *Applied Arts* magazine recently noted, "its tighter fit and strong weight are ideally suited for today's magazines." We think Allan Fleming would approve.

1905



December 1905



March 1911



December 1914



July 1917



September 1918

1920



March 1920



April 1921



February 1922



February 1926



February 1929

1930



May 1930



May 1932



August 1936



February 1939



May 1939

1940



March 1940



December 1943



January 1944



September 1947



October 1949

1950



January 1951



April 1952



July 1954



October 1955



June 1956

1960



November 1962



December 1968



May 1969



November 1967



December 1969

1970



October 1970



August 1971



October 1973



May 1977



September 1979

1980



September 1981



December 1983



August 1984



December 1987



February 1988

1990



December 1991



October 1993



June 1994



July 1995



Dec 1995/Jan 1996

2000-2002



August 2000



Dec./Jan. 2001




September 2001



November 2001



February 2002



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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



REINVENTING MACLEAN'S

The editorial pedigree of Maclean's is well-known, from Stephen Leacock to Margaret Atwood, from Ralph Allen to Peter C. Newman, Canada's most celebrated writers and editors have contributed to this magazine.

Equally distinguished, if less familiar, is Maclean's visual arts heritage which goes from the Group of Seven to Alex Colville. Our long line of outstanding art directors includes some of Canada's top graphic artists, the latest of whom is Denise Braggins, pictured above.

Braggins, who joined Maclean's last summer, was previously the art director of Canadian Business, where she won several National Magazine Awards. While she was there, Canadian Business was twice honoured as Magazine of the Year in its circulation category by the Canadian Society of Magazine Editors.

Braggins was inspired by Maclean's visual arts heritage as she guided our "renaissance" during the last year.

"We surveyed the past and discovered 10 distinct approaches to its brand/logo over the years," she says. "We were especially struck by the 1950s, which was a defining period for Canada and Maclean's."

Informed by their awareness of that era, Braggins and her team created what she calls a "fresh, yet contemporary" design. It is distinguished by a bolder look and a more lively layout.

Together with our new, authoritative logo, these features give Maclean's the clean, distinctive voice it needs to continue telling Canada's stories to Canadians.

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BY NAME
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'Given that patients are in jeopardy, I think an apt name for your article "Measuring health care" would be "Falling through the cracks."'

—SCOTT BOWEN, Lower Sackville, N.S.

Indicators of health

Like many Canadians, those of us working in health care are very interested in how the system is doing and how we can help make it better. The *Maclean's* annual health rankings ("Measuring health care," Cover, June 17) provide an important contribution in that regard. To be sure, any particular set of measures for something as complex as health is likely to be incomplete and imperfect. We should not, however, wait for the perfect set of indicators before either reporting or acting. The potential for learning from best practices and successes elsewhere in the country is at hand—and our ability to improve a strength-based-through measurement. As broader and additional indicators are used in future rankings, we'll gain an even clearer picture of what's going well, and where. We'll also develop insight into the areas that need more attention or resources. And then we must respond and enhance the overall health system. Given its importance to this nation, and the growing health budget across the country, Canadians deserve no less.

Dwight Holman, President and CEO
Regional Health District, Regina

Just what your year's health report aside? It sure is hell, isn't it? Since "The Hacker" Premier Gordon Campbell, and his Social Crediters who call themselves Liberals, took office in British Columbia in today's local paper, the headline reads "Health care to be the weakest sector in government, but to lose an Liberals' have sound of proposed cuts." Does this indicate a No. 1 health system? Come on back and do an update, and are how the Fraser Institute and Howe Street are running this province.

Frank McKelvey, Vernon, B.C.

I commend you on your annual effort to inform Canadians of the quality of health care delivery in various regions of the country, but I must say that I'm dis-

appointed that you don't have national data on psychiatric issues such as depression, anxiety, schizophrenia, addictions, dementia and developmental disorders. Over 40 per cent of all visits to general practitioners are for a psychiatric illness, and emergency rooms are often crowded with a disproportionate number of patients with a mental illness and nowhere to turn.

Dr. Mervyn Mullins, Vancouver

Inspirational

Amazing. I went downtown this afternoon to grab a snack from the canteen in my office building. A picture of a woman on the cover of *Maclean's* in the magazine rack caught my attention, and at first I didn't know why ("Woody's story," Cover, June 10). I read the caption on the cover and that's when I put two and two together. Several years ago in Calgary, I was one of a few instructors who had the pleasure of working with Woody Matheson. Our goal was to improve her reading, spelling and reading comprehension. I remember two things most about Woody: her smile and her perseverance. Maintaining a positive demeanor and not giving up—now, if

OUR ANNUAL RANKING OF HEALTH-CARE SERVICES STRUCK A CHORD WITH READERS WHO SEE STANDARDS IN DECLINE

"What we have now is a two-tier system which favours major centres," writes John Zilch of Prince George, B.C., the rural community of the west rural region that ranked at the bottom of the list. Other British Columbians wanted to know why their regions ranked so well. "It will be interesting," says Bill the Wilson, Ashcroft of Nelson, "to see where B.C. will stand when *Maclean's* does the next survey."

only all of us could master these qualities. And, given the circumstances, wow, what a triumph!

Walter Anderson, Calgary

Politics Liberal-style

In these days of uncertainty and despair, I find myself in need of a good laugh. Thanks to our national embarrassment, (some call them Prime Minister), I finally have one ("Losing the grip?" Canada, June 10). Jean Chrétien, of all people, has new rules on ministerial ethics. What does he think will change when he puts up yet another wicketstone to try to fool the public and deflect blame and guilt from him and his party?

Neil Shallick, Moose Jaw, Sask.

The West embraced the Tories when they squandered their principles and promises, and created a new party with all the tricks and tribulations that process has entailed. In my view, the Liberals made the Tories look like amateurs when it comes to park bumbling and betrayal of public trust. Does the East have the courage to start a new centre-left party and crush the Liberals so they so sorry deserve?

Keith Alexander, Port-Dominick, N.S.

As a grassroots Liberal party member, I am all too aware of the noise of the party as a result of the Paul Martin organization. Liberal headquarters are welcome places for a select few, access to membership forms is severely restricted and Canadian Alliance-style backstabbing has become commonplace. A party that has historically prided itself on its inclusivity and diversity has become a mere shadow of its former self.

Jonathan Ross, Vancouver

Korean clarifications

Most of the Canadians who served in Korea ("Bill of northern warriors," Television, June 10) were not Second World War veterans (although many were). The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry were not denied the right to wear medals they had been awarded until 1991, as stated. You misread with the fact that members of the 2nd Battalion PPCLI, which was awarded a U.S. Distinguished Unit Citation follow-



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"It may come as a surprise to World Cup fans to know that soccer was king each summer in Canada 80 years ago." —[HOCKEY.com](http://www.hockey.com)

lag the battle at Kapyong in April, 1951, were denied permission to wear the civilian emblem (not a medal) until almost five years later. McElligott also used the term "Korean conflict" throughout the article. Most media and governments have recognized that the military actions, which took the lives of nearly three million civilians and military personnel, should be classified as a "war."

**Billy Saper, Public Relations Officer,
Korea Veterans Association of Canada, Calgary**

When soccer was king

It may come as a surprise to World Cup fans to know that soccer was king each summer in Canada 80 years ago ("Football is in my genes," *Canada and the World*, June 17). My father told me that, in his youth, soccer and lacrosse were the two big summer sports in Canada. Dad, who was on the 1919 Dominion soccer champion team, said there were 10,000 fans at the games every Sunday. Baseball was hardly known in Canada at the time, but the American press under Babe Ruth famous and gradually Canadian boys turned to baseball in the late 1920s.

Tom Rooney, Waterloo, Ont.

Missive position

Commonwealth chief forces in the Second World War never used the term "missive" ("Keeping alive a hero's death," *History*, June 10). We used "trips" or "sorties," but the common term used for flights carrying battle to the enemy was "operations," usually shortened to "ops." In Bomber Command, 38 operations constituted a "tour." Some charmed individuals did two or three tours but, as in the case of the hero Andrew Myrland, all too many did not survive to complete even one.

Leslie Davidson, Stanley Bridge, B.C.

Forests of activism

TimberWest Corp.'s CEO Paul McElligott states that there is nothing wrong with

exporting raw logs from this country ("When loggers turn green," *Business*, June 17). In fact, he says it is no different from exporting coal or potash. Now, consider the people of Newfoundland and Labrador and their response to a proposal to export unprocessed nickel and rebar that they had used to drink the same way TimberWest does. Interestingly, McElligott also seems to believe that when communities and workers benefit from the public's forest resource, many "social engineering" is undermining the enterprise. Conversely, when TimberWest and its shareholders are the beneficiaries, the market economy is purported to be working just fine. Our community's true allies are not big business or big government, but the people here on the ground.

Roger Wilson, Secretary, Northern Timberland Society, Lake Cowichan, B.C.

Domestic appreciation

Why do we measure equality in a relationship by the equal distribution of domestic responsibilities ("Learning lessons," *Oscar* to June 10)? Personally, I don't think "liberation" is achieved when your husband finally trashes his own pants or cooks a meal. I tend to look at the level of appreciation and respect I sense when I am working equally hard to pull off a family, a house and a job. My husband and I choose to treat each other well and to honour each other's roles whether it all balances out on the end or not.

Teresa Kloehn, Kelowna, B.C.

The nature of capitalism

I always found *Maclean's* a pleasure to read and no less so for the contributions of Peter G. Newman. But if I read his latest columns ("The wild bogies," June 10) accurately, he is saying that the free market will either stagger under the weight of unbridled greed and dishonesty or it will be exponentially reconstituted on more ethical terms. How about the other alternative name of the almost Greco? Greed has always been the primary engine of growth

of the free market—for good and bad. What could possibly cause this to change and, more importantly, what will replace this force? Enlightened self-interest? The common good? Not likely.

Devil Steiner, Calgary

So, unregulated capitalism is not to be trusted. Well, the prediction of change certainly seems to be in full swing once again. It wasn't that long ago that business everywhere was calling for government to get its nose out of their affairs and let the free-market system determine financial viability in the economy. Perhaps now we better understand the reasons for business not wanting the oversight of any government regulatory agency in its affairs. Just as absolute power corrupts absolutely, so also, it seems, unregulated capitalism leads to eventual economic collapse.

Rob Little, Cornwall, Ont.

No place like home

What a delight to read John Debscott's piece "Home from away" (*The Black Page*, June 16). I left my Maritime home 80 years ago to work in the land of opportunity in a quiet town in northern Ohio that I have nicknamed Mooseville. However, this place isn't home. Every August (because the best weather at home is always the first two weeks in August), we load the truck and embark on a 26-hour drive to holiday "down home." I barely square in all the visiting, and playing and beach time I want before we even pack up and cross the border for the return trip to Mooseville. And what do I think after getting back and unpacking the truck? I am already planning my Christmas visit to my beloved Nova Scotia.

Paula Whitton, Chatham, Ohio

Footing the bill

Ann Dowsett Johnson's essay "The Crisis in Quality" (June 10) admirably highlights the current state in post-secondary education. Unfortunately, it implies that tuition fee increases and private funding are solutions. Reality shows the opposite: tuition fee increases have been linked systematically with an overall declining research base for colleges and universities.

**Joel Duff, Ontario College of Education,
Canadian Federation of Students**

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THEWEEK



Politics | Quebec by-elections create one big winner—and two big losers

There were two big losers. Parti Québécois Premier Bernard Landry and Liberal leader Jean Charest. And one winner who almost took it all—Mario Dumont, head of the Action démocratique du Québec. In four by-elections held on June 27, Dumont's party won three, getting a whopping 45.6 per cent of all votes cast. In one of those upsets, Berthelot, the ADQ defeated PQ cabinet minister David Levine. And even in the fourth—the seven-member stronghold of Las-Écluses—the ADQ lost narrowly as the PQ saw its support drop to 40.5 per cent from more than 70 in the 1996 election. "People of all generations banded together for real change,"

said Dumont, 32, whose party now holds five seats in the National Assembly. "That is what the ADQ is all about."

For Landry and Charest, the vote cast doubt on three political futures. Last week, Landry, 65, put a brave face on the results. "Quebecers want us to do more and better," he said. "The government will get back to work with renewed energy after the summer break." Charest, 46, offered similar words, saying the Liberals have to improve. "It's a message that we've heard loud and clear." Both are likely to face increasing discontent within their parties—if they fail to follow each declaration with concrete action.

Sumner (above) with brother riding winner Mario Dumont, Landry



Scorecard

A. Roger Givens: An entrepreneur like the sound of the deal, their premier out to get the video's big project on track. With money, maybe his profits will not only be on the back of the nickel?

V. Bernard Landry: His Parti Québécois is declared in the polls and has cabinet but not the members. Quebec's premier is hanging in, but talk is turning to vote will replace him at the helm.

4-1. Mike Givens: That hair, those shirts. Is there a woman-proposed Canadian politician down Ontario's jersey? Yet by changing the rules and forcing the spending, even the best policy savvy that Givens score.

A. Gary Desjardins: Having corporate inclusion political decisions with the Montreal premier apart in politics. Likely work using the last NDP promise, but he's no doer.

A. Ralph Klein: Alberta's new premier, Alberta's new premier. He's not only just about everyone but also the PM's new ally in getting the job done.

V. Gordon Campbell: What is it about B.C. politics that's always causing referendum issues? Campbell is running home. It's possible to make people nostalgic for the old days.

"At the *Citizen*, we will try to demonstrate that CanWest is serious about its promises of independent news coverage."

RUSSELL MILLS: In his convalescence address at Carleton University the day before CanWest Global fired him as the Ottawa *Citizen's* publisher

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE 5 JULY 1, 1992 15

Das ist unsere

In a dramatic break with his tax-cutting predecessor Mike Harris, Ontario Premier Evan Davis raised taxes on cigarettes in his first budget while delaying tax reductions. To help finance the \$65-billion budget, smokers will have to pay an extra \$3 a case this year, which along with a \$4 federal tax hike will bring the price to \$36. The government is also putting off promised tax cuts for one year, due to the economic slide that followed the Sept. 11 terror attacks. Davis also promised \$2.2 billion in increased spending on health care, education and growing small business start-ups.

Cultural Landscapes

Taking on Saddam George W. Bush ordered the CIA to conduct a wide campaign of covert actions against Iraq, including using lethal force to capture dictator Saddam Hussein. "It is not a silver bullet," said a senior CIA official when the President's secret orders were revealed by the Washington Post. "But hopes are high and we could get lucky." As part of the plan, most the *covert* means the CIA

will likely offer Iraqi opposition groups money and weapons. The agency is also expected to deploy U.S. special forces teams, similar to those that have been successfully used in Afghanistan, against Shabab.

Victory on the right

French Prime Minister Jean Pierre Raffarin named a new 27-member cabinet after the right gained full control of the country's National Assembly in voting held on June 9 and June 16. The vote was a victory for President Jacques Chirac (below), whose Union for the Presidential Majority—a coalition of rightist parties—captured 399 of 577 seats. Leftist parties had previously held 318 seats but were reduced to 178. Another big loser was Jean-Marie Le Pen.



Singing for Canada

During Canada Day festivities on Parliament Hill, 65-year-old Neil Wadhwa of Toronto will step up to the microphone to sing the national anthem. The youngster already has loads of experience, having performed in public more than 100 times. Among his appearances: singing both O Canada and the American anthem at a Toronto Raptors game in April, 2001. Wadhwa, whose parents came to Canada from India, often prefaces his singing of the anthem by emphasizing the country's multiculturalism and saying, "In Canada not only do we respect each other's differences, but we celebrate them together too."

Courtroom crunch

Two of the most complex and high-profile criminal trials in B.C. history are proving to be a logistical and economic challenge for the province. At a time when the cost-strapped government is closing 24 courthouses, work is almost complete on a \$72-million high security courtroom for the three men charged in the 1985 bomb



Airlines | Who's who in the summertime skies

The summer air wars are heating up. Even though Air Canada controls about 110 per cent of the country's passenger traffic, other alternatives are taking to the skies—indeed, some owned by Air Canada. The national carrier now runs Wings, a national destination airline, and a WestJet one to take off this summer (no schedule yet), and Jazz, its rebranded collection of regional airlines. Recently, the country's most successful airline (it's actually profitable), Calgary-based destination WestJet, began flying a limited schedule into the heart of the Air Canada base, Toronto's Pearson airport. In mid-July, yet another case of national destination airline, Airgo, started service. Its second to Midland Airlines, formerly called of former Royal Airline, and another cancelled name from the recent past, Hollister-based Air Canada West, is headed to the Guatemalan carrier, owned by the same guy who owned it before, AMR Group (aka Royal and Caribbean) were bought by 4-fisted Canada 2008, which decided to sell due to overcapacity and the two airlines ended the takeover chapter 11.

Costanza? So were we, so we put together this list of options for Canadians flying domestic, only. It includes all major scheduled airlines (no charters) in service as the summer begins, and compares the range of prices (economy round trip direct, including taxes and fees) on at least one route flown by a competitor.

Airline & HQ	Destinations	Sample prices (flights/week)	Comments
Al Canada Montreal	Just about everywhere more than 130 cities and times	Nonstop-Galaxy 3:30-5:00 (4) Toronto-Montreal 5:40-6:30 (6) Montreal-Toronto 6:50-7:40 (6)	Full-time jet airline; airports usually long lead times, but this is the agency from which you can get the best
Canadian Pacific	Toronto, Detroit, Montreal, Winnipeg & Calgary (5 times per week)	Toronto-Montreal 3:40-5:00 (3) Montreal-Toronto 5:40-6:30 (3)	Smallest but reasonable; always great if you're flying
East Jetliner	10 weekly services (only in the U.S.)	Toronto-Montreal 3:00-3:30 (2) Great pricing (only to Canada and United States)	Specialized for needs, airlines bought by investors; fares are low on some flights
Jetpro Montreal	Westcoast, Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal flights	Toronto-Montreal 3:40-5:00 (4) Montreal-Toronto 5:40-6:30 (4)	Homebased; can't be too cheap; no more no bag- gage airlines; extremely only
Trans Montreal	13 cities across Canada	Nonstop-Galaxy 3:30-5:00 (4) To Montreal 5:40-6:30 (6) Montreal-Toronto 6:50-7:40 (6)	Specialized but purchased; no in-house change in bag- gage business; extremely only
WestJet Calgary	23 cities, most to Western Canada	Nonstop-Galaxy 3:30-5:00 (3) Nonstop-Norwest 3:40-5:00 (3)	Midsize but no in-house; no more no bag- gage airlines; extremely only



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MACLEAN'S

2002 JOHN DE CHASTELAIN MARC GAGNON DIANA KRALL CHRISTINE WANDZURA HONOUR DAVID GANONG GILLES PINETTE BECKIE SCOTT ADEENA NIAZI JANE JACOBS ROLL RICHARD WRIGHT

TEN CANADIANS WHO MADE A DIFFERENCE

ON BECKIE SCOTT Day in Vernon, B.C., two months after the Winter Olympics, it was winding roads only in the snow's 2,500-foot hockey arena. There were nearly 4,500 people at the community where Scott first learned to ski, and many turned out for the April 13 parade and the all-day festivities. "I never imagined I would see something like this for myself," said Scott, Canada's first ever Nordic combined medalist. "I was really very moved."

Scott's Olympic medal and courage in facing down the bosses of a sport rocked by doping scandals won her a spot on this year's Maclean's Honour Roll. This is the 17th annual Honour Roll, celebrating significant achievements by Canadians. Scott is joined on the 2002 list by a fellow Olympian, Montreal short-track speed skater Marc Gagnon, who won two golds and a bronze at Salt Lake City. Both, typically for Honour Roll members, share a gritty determination and a modesty about their successes.

For some more so than Calgary's Christine Wanklyn, whose personal tragedy more than a decade ago turned her into a leading figure against cancer. A fighter of another sort is Glen John de Chastelain, a critical player from Ottawa in the attempts to bring stability to Northern Ireland. On the other side of the world, Canadian Adeena Niazi risked her life to improve the lot

of Afghan women, a struggle she continues around the clock from her Toronto office.

DAVID GANONG, a scrupulous for his steadfast refusal to relocate his out-of-the-way New Brunswick collectible business "turning down" riches from multinational suitors. Ganong remains dedicated to supporting the community he was born in. A sense of community also motivates urban guru Jane Jacobs, still active in downtown Toronto at age 86. Winnipeg's Dr. Gillian Plante combines a loyalty to both his community and heritage as a pioneer in Aboriginal medicine.

DIANA KRALL is known internationally as a musician, but the Nanaimo, B.C., native also quietly raises money to assist those suffering from a rare form of bone cancer that claimed her mother a few weeks ago.

Top performers and medalists exit outside sports, too. Take St. Catharines, Ont., coach **RICHARD WRIGHT**, whose Glen Gillett has won three hockey golds in the past seven months, an unprecedented achievement.

With this issue, the Honour Roll becomes a feature of the Maclean's July 1 special Canada Day issue, a fitting tribute for Canadians who made a difference.

MICHAEL SCHWARTZ

DIANA KRALL

"YOU HAVE TO MEET MY MOTHER," insists Diana Krall on a March night in Vancouver. This proves a challenge: Adella Krall, 68, is deep in a crowd of black ties and evening dresses in a hotel banquet room. Dine, with a daughter's restraint and the devotion of a latter pair of birds, looks on target. But between mother and child, dozens of guests wait a word with the sarky honey blond who happens to be one of the best-selling female artists in the history of jazz.

That evening, she is as wonderfully elegant as a Gershwin tune from *The Lost of Love*. Her sixth CD, a sultry selection of ballads and bossa nova, is approaching three million sales. At 33, the Vancouver, B.C. born Krall is a scorching blend of serious musicianship and *Adèle* chic—a tough balance even without her understated silver hair. But tonight the priority could be the starring role to Adella, for what proves to be one of her last public appearances before the deadline May 26.

Diana had fretted over Adella's fragile health, but her mother, while fatigued, was in high spirits. This was the Krall's fourth annual *Karaoke for the Leukemia/Bone Marrow Transplantation Program* at Vancouver General Hospital—a labour of love for Diana and look-alike younger sister Michelle. For father Jim, a music-loving accountant, and especially for Adella, daughter-in-law, was a gift, the years since her diagnosis is a gift, the result of good medical care and advances in research.

Adella, once the teacher/therapist, described her often-draining treatment for myeloma as though it were a learning experience. "I came home," she told her septuagenarian, "crushed and thankful." Then it is Diana's turn on stage, finding solace and expression at her black Steinway. The benefits have raised about \$500,000, the crowd bawling this year on such occasions as a pink suit donned by her friend, Sir Iwan John, and a sobbing convertible featured in ads Krall does for Daimler Chrysler. The event will continue in Adella's memory. "We are so thankful for the six years," says Krall. "We want other families to have more time."

Krall has hungers in Vancouver and Manhattan, a relationship with New York screenwriter John-Paul Bernbach, and a crushing tour schedule. Her two-decade climb from piano bar uncertainty to concert hall stardom began with the childhood gift of a music-filled household. The rest of it, though—the worldly piano, the single note vocals, the storyteller's gift—is the product of serious study, a U.S. music scholarship and sessions from the world of *General jazz*.

She drives, too, on the off-ramps lonely lessons of the road. "I feel very deeply about life," she says. "I wish I didn't sometimes." Krall recalls a bleak day in Vienna this February, alone at the piano of her hotel suite, rehearsing for her forthcoming Christmas album. She was playing *O Holy Night*, the memories of family singalongs and Christmas past so vivid, she burst into tears. Krall laughs now at her bout of homesickness. Instead, she says, is a Krall family trait: it makes her beautiful music.

"We are so thankful for the six years. We want other families to have more time."



JOHN DE CHASTELAIN

SEATED BY HIS FIREPLACE at home in Ottawa's upscale Rockcliffe Park, Gen John de Chastelain doesn't look like a man with a pressure cooker job. Above him hangs one of his own still lifes, a copper pig and fruit, well painted enough to suggest the retired soldier has plenty of time to indulge hobbies. He talks about mixing oils, tying fishing flies and playing bridge. But de Chastelain, 64, is no man of leisure. The former top officer in the Canadian Forces is home for just a few weeks from overseeing the decommissioning of arms in Northern Ireland—a sensitive role as there is in the draw-out efforts to put the “troubles” to rest.

If he feels bedeviled by a historic responsibility, it is not apparent. De Chastelain has proven he has the patience demanded by the painstaking work of peace. As a first-rank young officer, he commanded Canadian troops in blue berets patrolling divided Cyprus in 1976. At the peak of his career, just after being named chief of defence staff in 1989, he oversaw the tense two-month standoff between soldiers and Mohawks at Oka, Que.—a confrontation he notes was resolved without the shedding of blood.

De Chastelain's precise habit of thought is expressed in a crisp manner of speech that hints at his partial British upbringing. He was born in Kemsaria to multilingual parents—his father, a Scottish parliamentarian, emigrated and finished an American education in Switzerland and France—who became Allied spies during the Second World War. Afterward, his father went to Calgary for the merging of paths, but young John

followed his family only after finishing up at an elite Edinburgh boys' school. He soon entered Kingston, Ont.'s Royal Military College, abandoning thoughts of becoming a professional artist like an uncle in England.

He graduated from RMC in 1960 with no plans for a long army career. But by the end of the mandatory three-year ban to pay for his education, things had changed. The Cuban Missile Crisis made military life urgently exciting. “The anticipation was that war would probably come again in Europe,” he recalls. He married in 1961, and went on with his wife, Marylene, to raise a son and daughter in the perpetual way of army families—moving 22 times in four decades.

But nothing de Chastelain did in uniform made the challenge he took on when he stepped from the Forces in 1995 and assumed a key role in the bid to end Northern Ireland's cycle of violence. As head of the Independent Commission on Decommissioning, he's responsible for persuading paramilitaries to put their weapons “beyond use.” The Irish Republican Army alone de Chastelain believes “doesn't see winning events.” Exactly what happens is not revealed; his word, without details, is the only verification. His nearly seven years embedded in the Irish question is the longer than he expected. Whether his characteristic patience will ultimately pay off remains uncertain. But if today's peace negotiations into a future without armed camps on either side of the old religious divide, de Chastelain will have capped a soldier's career with a peacekeeper's place in history.

JOHN DEFEES

'The anticipation was that war would probably come again in Europe.'



BECKIE SCOTT

IT'S A MELLOW May reinventing in the high desert of central Oregon and Beckie Scott, fresh from being the last of the spring snow, has left her incessantly ringing telephone to the answering machine. Carrying a heretofore staid mug of herbal tea to the porch of the house she shares with longtime boyfriend and U.S. Olympian Justin Wadsworth, Scott, 26, reflects on her changing fortune.

Behind her nose is the relative obscurity that was the lot of a Canadian cross-country skier, even after a decade on the national team and the World Cup circuit. Scott achieved the near impossible at the Salt Lake City Winter Games, winning Canada's first ever Nordic Olympic medal, a bronze—at the time—in the combined pursuit.

The Olympics swept Scott into an international torpor, when her controversial claim that blood doping plagued her sport turned out to be true. Scott stood the race of her life in Utah, but now, three months later, she calmly sips her tea and waits for the final results. The two Russians who finished ahead of her are speaking superstitions for blood boosting. If their disqualifications hold, Scott is likely to become a delayed silver or even gold medalist.

"It really has changed my life," she says of her new higher profile. "It definitely took me awhile to get used to it." Most of the Olympic experience was wonderful, Scott says. She treasured sharing the quarters with Wadsworth, a member of the U.S. cross-country team who calls her medal a breakthrough for the sport in North America. Scott smiles, recalling their years of mutual training and encourage-

ment. "It wasn't really my medal," she says. "It was our medal."

Her parents were at the finish line, too, and the celebration reached back to hometown Vermilion, Alta. In April, most of the community's 4,400 residents turned out for Beckie Scott Day. There was a parade. A street was named for her. She was given a gold medal. "I was overwhelmed by it all," she says.

It was Jan and Walter Scott who introduced cross-country skiing to Vermilion 25 years ago, literally helping blaze the first trails. Their only child put on skis before age four. "Beckie, of course, had no choice," says Jan. As Beckie hit her teens, her mother sported the "mommy tough row" so essential to her success. "She can go beyond that point of pain," Jan says, "and still push."

"That girl was as immediately obsessed as her incontinent uncle, but she's shown it both on the trail and off. Her criticism during the Games of lax drug controls earned a public rebuke from Dick Pound, the Canadian head of the World Anti-Doping Agency. "She's way out of line," he snapped at the time. Says Scott: "I didn't regret it, because I knew I was right."

Scott and Wadsworth, 33, are planning another season on the World Cup circuit, where they met five years ago. Scott says she'll likely race two more years before deciding on another Olympics, or an eventual return, with Wadsworth, to Canada.

Like her parents, she's on a trail others can follow. There's a place on the podium for those who race clean—for those not worried about the colour of the medal, but the quality of the victory. —KEITH MCGOWEN

"I didn't regret what I said, because I knew I was right."





"I'm just creating ripples. I think one person can make a difference."

GILLES PINETTE

GILLES PINETTE's cluttered office space features two items that set it apart from a doctor's: a small pack of mints—a crumpled paper bag of sweet grass on the desk and a medicine wheel tacked to the wall. The long, beaded strands of genuine geometry are a cool of his trade, just like the medicine wheel. The 38-year-old Métis physician wears around his neck. The traditional hide-wrapped, quartered circle is a reminder of his heritage and belief that there is more to healing the sick than simply treating their ailments. "Our traditional healers had cures for a lot of sicknesses, but they didn't just give them to people and walk away," says Pinette. "They understood that there's a connection between the mind and the body, the spirit and the body. I don't think that's overemphasized. I just think that's good medicine."

The need for balance—emotional, physical, intellectual, spiritual—is a favorite theme for the Winnipeg physician, the desire to broaden the medical profession's outlook, a mission. "Aboriginal people live, on average, eight to 10 years less than the rest of the population. They are more likely to die young; they are more likely to have chronic diseases," he says, rattling off a disturbing list of health problems that plague native Canadians.

Just five years out of the University of Manitoba medical school, Pinette, who combines a doctor's history of authority with the spiky-haired, black jeans look of a trader, has built himself a profile that must be the envy of physicians twice his age. There is the monthly medical conference in Aboriginal and community newspapers across the country, a series of books on native health issues like diabetes and

suicide prevention, a stint as host of *Midicine* Club on the Aboriginal Peoples Television Network and this year's National Aboriginal Achievement Award. For Pinette, the mission: the public at large—not just First Nations members—but in his own key ring of modern medicine and traditional healing teachings speaks of a health system that's not meeting the needs of patients. "People are starving for holistic care," he says.

Raised in the village of Neosho, 300 km northwest of Winnipeg, where his family ran the local service station and restaurant, Pinette says medicine was just a vague ambition until the death of his grandfather, and a close friend, at age 19, from pancreatic cancer. His experience at U of M—where the vast information and resources received about native healing came from non-Aboriginal professors—created Pinette's desire to use his heritage in his daily practice. Today, he lectures at the school and is assistant director of its mentoring, training and support program for Aboriginal students.

Catching a break between lectures at the busy downtown clinic where he spends part of his work week, Pinette is frank about his huge ambitions. More books (he has his own publishing company), TV shows and CD-ROMs that will help improve the health of all Canadians, and provide for his growing family—he and his wife Carolyn are expecting their third child this month. Like a stone thrown into the still waters of a pond, Pinette says, small actions can have far-reaching effects. "I'm just creating ripples," he adds. "I think one person can make a difference."

JOHANNA BATHURST



"I didn't inherit a great wish to be an activist. I was pushed into it by things that were just so outrageous."

JANE JACOBS

IT'S LATE MAY. The sun is out, restaurant patios are filling up nicely. Toronto is having a Jane Jacobs kind of day. On bustling Bloor Street, university kids on roller-blades and Asian women in tern glides by each other in genteel passers-by. On the leafy side street, neighbours chat from their porches. It's as if the city is breathing from every pore.

Inside her nearby, semi-detached home, life is calmer but no less natural. Jacobs is 86 now, a kanga in winter. She moves about slowly in the cool darkened house where the furniture is simple, functional and slightly bohemian, not unlike the woman herself. Bookshelves, naturally, dominate almost every room. Some are even held up, studen-like, by concrete blocks. This is the anthropologist of everyday life in her late. Time has slowed her gait but not her curiosity, that famous English smile or the confident way she still cracks aside the dead hand of expert opinion. Visitors are welcome. But she is happily spending her day hanging away on an old green Remington, writing a new foreword for the book *When Cities Breathe*. *Abroad*. She is armed with the notion that the tale might just capture her own quite fascinating life.

It's been 34 years since the U.S.-born Jacobs and her late husband Robert, an architect, headed their cub, a 13-year-old daughter and two draft-age boys, north to Toronto to escape the military madness of the Vietnam War. "Driving up here, we made up our minds to a family that we were immigrants, not colon," she says. "And in many ways I felt more at home here. I liked Toronto immediately." And it remained the favour.

Taking Toronto, of course, is hardly a Canadian trait, but the doctor's daughter from Scarsdale, Pa., is happily contrarian in any event, adventurous too. She took herself off to Greenwich Village in the midst of the Depression, determined to be a writer. She ended up instead speaking an entire movement. A journalist at first and resolutely self-taught, Jacobs authored five books on the fix and fables of urban planning—beginning with *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* in 1961—most have become almost sacred texts. Her settings—pure. Town-like observations—inspired planners from Japan to central Europe and east bay as the den mother of urban activism everywhere, a role that has been both an honour and a burden.

"I didn't inherit a great wish to be an activist," she says now. "I was pushed into it by things that were just so outrageous. And I always thought that because I took time away from what I really wanted to do, which was writing." Still, from her first battle in the early 1960s, to stop a traffic route through Washington Square in lower Manhattan, to the fight against the proposed downtown Spadina expressway in Toronto a decade later, to a community debate over one-way streets in her neighbourhood a few years ago, Jacobs has embodied some important lessons. One is that expediency is a contradiction in terms. The more fundamental lesson, of course, is her oft-stated, once-rhymed view that cities are "organic, spontaneous and unruly," not unlike the behaviour of their best citizens on a sunny spring day. Even there is a quiet upstairs room gently moving bricks at begins and confers.

ROBERT SHAPIRO



DAVID GANONG

"I feel a tremendous bond of loyalty to our employees and our community."

FOR A CORPORATE EXEC who spends too much time on the road, David Ganong manages to stay close to his small town roots. The shingled two-story house where he and his wife Diane live in St. Stephen, N.B., is just down the street from where he grew up. Looking out his window, he can see the brick Ganong Bros. building, home to the family's first major candy factory in 1888 which now houses its flagship confectionery store as well as the community's Chocolate Museum.

Plopping his SUV across town towards the company's headquarters and state-of-the-art 7400 sq. m chocolate factory—located, of course, on Chocolate Drive—Ganong passes a nursing home and middle school housed in buildings donated by his family. He sees kids who play on Ganong sponsored baseball, soccer and hockey teams and who skate at the town rink where the ice surface is topped by a Zamboni bought with the family firm's help. At a glance, Ganong waves to some of his 234 employees, all of whom seem to greet him as "David" whether they are senior executives or new insurance staff.

It's a scene straight from the pages of Stephen Leacock: a close-knit, happy community where, under a sunny spring sky, the harsh realities of the 21st century seem far away. Not long ago, St. Stephen, a working-class town of nearly 5,000 on the Miramichi border, seemed to be on the slide. Now, it's undergoing a rebirth. And if any single person is responsible, it's Ganong who, at 55, is more than just the president of a company that this year expects to add nearly seven million kg of chocolates, candy and fruit sticks throughout Canada

and the United States. The father of three is the latest in a line of businessmen known for valuing the hometown good as much as the bottom line. And if that's not remarkable enough these days, he stubbornly does so at a time when the pressures to change have never been greater. "St. Stephen has made a tremendous commitment to us," he explains. "I feel a tremendous bond of loyalty to our employees and our community."

He's not just mouthing platitudes. Ganong, his family and company support local social agencies and help fund events draws like the Chocolate Museum and summer Chocolate Fest. More important is what Ganong does not do. Like his family predecessors, he refuses to move the company out of St. Stephen even though it clearly makes business sense to be closer to bigger markets. That means staying. No when the multinational confectionery giants come shopping, as they do several times a year. "Giving up ownership is the first step towards taking jobs out of this area," he says. "We're determined never to see that happen."

How determined? Well, Ganong, who has an MBA from the University of Western Ontario, says he would only consider moving to create the company's long-term survival. "The landscape of Atlantic Canada is littered with the corpses of thousands of operations controlled outside of the region," Ganong says. Keeping ownership in local hands, he feels, is the best way to ensure those chocolates keep rolling off the St. Stephen conveyor belt. And that his family's legacy in its hometown lives on long after he's gone.

JOAN DEANOTT



*I can't
separate my
life and my
work, and I
know that
spells trouble.
But this isn't
a job; this is
a vocation.*

CHRISTINE WANDZURA

AT A CALGARY HOSPITAL on Christmas Eve, 1986, a doctor gave Christine Wandzura the sort of news every parent dreads. Her five-year-old son, Derek, had a enormous brain tumour which was robbing him of the ability to walk and starting to take away his eyesight. Although Derek lived another 4½ years, he was never physically the same. Repeatedly hospitalized, he endured punishing rounds of radiation treatment and chemotherapy. Yet he remained a boy of high spirits and good humour whose greatest regret was that he couldn't smile, due to partial facial paralysis. To try to remedy this, doctors transplanted nerve grafts from Derek's legs to his face. But just then, the cancer returned, this time with fatal intensity. Near the end, Derek's mother asked him if he had one wish, what would it be? "I thought he'd say, 'I just want to live,'" says Wandzura. "But the only thing he wanted was to be able to smile."

Eleven years later, Wandzura weeps as she retells this story, a mother's grief as raw and unassailable as if it had all happened yesterday. But this is no ordinary mother. Within months of Derek's death, Wandzura founded a week-long summer wilderness camp for 35 children with cancer. Today, the camp reaches over four weeks and involves about 250 kids, ages seven to 18. She fundraised tirelessly for those initial camps out of a cramped basement office in her Calgary home while caring for Derek's two younger siblings, Lind, now 17, and Laurel, now 15.

In 1999, Wandzura took her crusade to another level, expanding her Sala Cancer Care Foundation of Alberta which, in addition to running the summer camps, supports clinical services and research. By

this April, the foundation's successful fundraising efforts allowed it to contribute \$1 million and pledge to raise another \$1 million towards a \$6 million research chair in pediatric oncology at the University of Calgary, one of the largest endowments of its kind in Canada.

Along the way, the 46-year-old former stay-at-home mom became the unlikely linchpin of an organization which now boasts 50 full-time employees, 250 volunteers and prominent physicians, lawyers, academics and corporate executives on its 12-member board of directors. How did she do it? "When you're crazy, it's a lot easier than you'd think," laughs Wandzura. "I started by hiring up the people I loved, family and friends, and it grew from there. Failure was not an option."

Success, though, came at a price. At first, Wandzura worked seven days a week, 16 hours a day. "My family suffered a lot," she says. "I might have been there physically, but I wasn't there mentally." Wandzura credits her husband, Michael, a Canada Customs inspector, with picking up the slack. Even now, she works "rapid hours," starting at 5:30 a.m. for an hour on the treadmill and weights before another day of meetings, event planning and evening fundraising receptions. "I can't separate my life and my work, and I know that spells trouble," she says. "But this isn't a job, this is a vocation."

She is driven, that she readily admits. "But it isn't just Derek's memory and love for him that motivates me," says Wandzura. "It's Derek and a whole lot of other kids. It's seeing their faces and knowing that all the kids don't die; most will survive and, with help, even thrive. That's the coolest thing." **FRAN BERGSON**

RICHARD WRIGHT

BARELY VISIBLE grins across his across Richard Wright's face, but he keeps nodding politely. Character of extraordinary characters hidden within seemingly ordinary lives, voice of a small-town Ontario sensibility now long gone: Looking in his face, spring sunshine in his eyes on the Lake, that quintessential Ontario comradery, and admiring a 1935 Ford parked nearby—"I learned to drive on this kind of car"—the intense Wright is an enigma as he can be about the labels applied to him. Just don't mention the after World. "I am not at all interested in nostalgia, and it really annoys me when people write that," the 65-year-old novelist says. "You can't be nostalgic for the 1930s because they were so bloody awful."

Actually, one reason critics admire Wright's now-perfect novels is because he knows his nostalgia for cars—and hockey. "There's nothing better," says the disheveled Montreal Canadiens fan, "than an afternoon with old powers of hockey players."

Over a three-decade career, Wright has kept his characters anchored in modest circumstances that mirrored his own. For 20 years until his retirement in 2001, Wright helped support his family—he and his librarian wife, Phyllis, have two grown sons—by teaching English at Ridley College in St. Catharines. One thing early, Wright would type a few more pages, slowly crafting the right words that brought him a devoted if small readership. Then, last year, Wright won the literary lottery with his ninth book, *Clara Callan*. His Depression-era tale of two sisters swept Canada's top fiction honors, the \$15,000 Giller Prize and the \$15,000 Governor General's Award, and last month added

the \$12,000 Trillium award for best Ontario book. The triumphs were richly deserved. Clara Callan, spinster schoolmarm, is one of the most memorable characters in Canadian literature.

Born in Midland, on Georgian Bay, the youngest of five children, Wright knows first-hand the narrow heroines of tight-knit communities. Despite an early gift for narrative—he used to invent stories to entertain his friends—Wright had no plans to be an author. "That would have been ridiculously naive," he laughs, driving along the familiar country roads that lead back to St. Catharines. "Children in Midland didn't dream of becoming writers."

But the advice Wright didn't let that affect him, any more than Clara Callan allows her life to be dictated by her neighbours' expectations. Storytelling drive and intense curiosity proved an unstoppable writerly combination. "On a plane last month," he recalls, "I saw a man—very old, very big, very frail—soth a German name written on his shirt badge over the word 'Canada.' I looked at him and started to invent a life for him." (He may yet appear in a future novel.) "There's an impulse to create in some people," Wright says of himself, "and that's what gives them some of their deep satisfaction."

At Ridley, Wright used to tell his students there were two kinds of fiction: one that "helps you forget your life" and another that "helps you understand it." The emotional payoff, for reader and writer alike, lies in the latter. "When characters are authentic, that's as close as we can get to understanding human experience." It's a mark Richard Wright hits as squarely as anyone.

STEVEN BETHUNE

"When characters are authentic, that's as close as we can get to understanding human experience."



ADEENA NIAZI

THE STAFF AT the Afghan Women's Organization in Toronto are racing to keep up as telephones, walk-in inquiries, paperwork and email demand for attention. At noon, a woman delivers steaming cups of green tea to her co-workers during a brief break. The door to Adeena Niazi's cramped office has shut out all the noise except her phones, which ring incessantly. Ignoring them, the 50-year-old AWO founder and executive director sets down her mug and, in response to a personal question, begins to cry. "I'm sorry," she says quietly. "I don't do this easily."

Niazi—who has compassionated with Afghan women raped in refugee camps, watched girls of 14 marry simply for a roof over their heads and helped bring thousands of displaced Afghans to Canada—is talking about her mother. "She was always encouraging me to get a higher education," says Niazi of Maryam Masoud Niazi, who was one of the first Afghan women to go abroad for higher education. "She always wanted me to be independent." (Niazi's mother, though a champion of education, was forbidden by Niazi's father to work for a salary.) So when her daughter married 25, she left her family and her teaching job at Kabul University to study Sanskrit in India. Still there two years later, she saw her dreams of a normal life shattered as the Soviet Union invaded her homeland. "From that day, everything was lost," she says.

Because of her vocal opposition to the Soviet occupation, Niazi was not allowed to return home. "I never saw my mother or father again." And it would be almost 20 years before Niazi—hidden under the cover of a Taliban-mandated chadri—

finally re-entered Afghanistan in 1997. "I was really very much attached to my family, my country and my culture," she says. "So it was a big shock to me. I didn't know what it meant to be a refugee." Today, Niazi knows all too well.

Arriving in Toronto as a refugee herself in 1988, Niazi began to help other newcomers to Canada. Two years later, she founded the AWO. Today, it has four centres in Toronto with 34 employees handling everything from heritage language classes to sponsoring Afghan refugees. "My house is full of refugees," says Niazi, who shares a home with her sister, whom she sponsored in 1993. "For me, it's just some extra people in my home. For them, it's a big thing."

Through the AWO, Niazi set up secret home schooling for Afghan girls who, under the Taliban, were banned from receiving a formal education. Recently, a trip to Afghan schools and refugee camps in the wake of the Taliban's demise reinforced her main goal: "To bring peace and harmony back to Afghanistan," she says, without a trace of irony.

Throughout her work, Niazi—selected to represent Afghanistan's newly-formed emergency Loya Jirga, or national assembly, as one of two representatives for Afghan Canadians—has remained true to a promise she made to her mother just after the Soviet crew. "I decided to commit myself to helping others, so I told her that I had decided not to marry," recalls Niazi. "She was happy. She told me to live with dignity and self-respect." And by following her own mother's advice, Niazi, in turn, has become a mother to her community.

BOB CAMERON

From that day, everything was lost. I never saw my mother or father again.





MARC GAGNON

'If I hadn't been so hungry for that medal, I would not have come back. And none of this would have happened.'

IT STARTS WITH THE HAIR. When Marc Gagnon walks around Montreal, drives and pedestrians see that shock of blond-tipped spikes and recognize him, right away. So they hank and wave and call out some form of congratulation. Even happens in hushed-down Toronto, where he once enjoyed comparative anonymity. When he got up to leave his table at a restaurant there not long ago, other patrons stood up and began singing O Canada. Made him blush—it was so unexpected. He had confidently told reporters on the last day of the 2000 Winter Games that his modest life as a short-track speed skater wouldn't change just because he'd won two gold medals and a bronze in Salt Lake City. "I was wrong—it's very different," he says now, chuckling. "And I like it. A lot."

Reconciliation goes with becoming the most decorated Canadian Olympian ever (three gold, two bronze), and it's a winding road to a single guy living in Montreal. But the biggest change for Gagnon is not going to the rink every day and, especially, not having that burning ambition that drove him to train so hard. Although he hasn't officially quit, at 27 he's thinking about it. "I'm not old, but I'm old for the sport," he says. "And I'm just so happy about all that has happened. I've been fighting for as long as I can, it just feels like it would be the right time to quit."

For sure, Gagnon is nowhere near full-stop retirement. The guy can barely sit still; he overflows with upbeat energy and an infectious, wild-eyed sense of humor. He's enthusiastically exploring a variety of career possibilities. Already, he has begun a driver's training course at a circuit in

Mont Tremblant, Que., in hopes of one day making cars. He has signed a deal with a Quebec cable channel to host a weekly variety show. And he has bought into a sports-themed tavern in Montreal's downtown. "This is the kind of place I go to anywhere," he says over lunch there, digging into his chicken pot pie. "With a rosé, obviously," he adds. "Food's good, eh?"

No overnight sensation, Gagnon has been skating since he was three. His parents would take him to the speed skating club in Châteauguay, Que., where his older brother trained, and he's been going fast ever since. In the high-speed whirl of short-track, though, talent and experience aren't always enough. Four times Gagnon won the overall world championships, but individual Olympic glory eluded him in 1994 (he won bronze in the 1,000 m) and 1998 (he took relay team gold). Those experiences ultimately proved useful: he quit for a year after the 1998 Nagano Games, but was driven to return by unfinished business. "If I hadn't been so hungry for that medal, I would not have come back," he says. "And none of this would have happened."

In his new life, Gagnon makes the most of his time. "We always trained together, and whenever we'd do something away from training, we'd do it together," he says. But he is attracted by the challenge of making himself an new man, and confident that after the thrills and spills of short-track, he can handle the unexpected. "In my sport, you learn to stay cool about whatever happens," Gagnon says. "So if something disappointing happens, I'll be prepared for it."

JAMES HEACON



TOUGH GUY

Robert Nault is picking a fight with First Nations over the issue of band governance

WATCH THE MINISTERS casting one of Jean Chrétien's cabinet meetings, and try picking out those cut from the same cloth as the Prime Minister. There aren't many. Big guy pays such as Allan Rock and Herb Dhaliwal obviously don't qualify. Neither do the professorial figures, the telephone Dames and Anne McLellan, John Manley? Too smooth. Denis Coderre? Closer. But consider Robert Nault. His northern Ontario riding is a lot like Chrétien's own in Quebec's hinterland. Like the boss, he's a scrapper who revels in his image as a no-nonsense pragmatist. And like Chrétien

in no other way, he's making a bid to solidify his big-league political credentials in one of Ottawa's toughest jobs, minister of Indian Affairs. Nault likes the comparison. "We have a lot in common," he says. "Jean Chrétien didn't come to Ottawa as a star. He worked his way up the hard way. He's very family-oriented, and I'd like to think that I'm that way. I don't have a complicated life. Work, home, work, home—that's about it." That, and doing battle with some of the country's most powerful Aboriginal political camps, especially the lobby of First Nations

"I've been asking myself, why is Canada successful, and the First Nations aren't?"

National Chief Matthew Coon Come. They've sparred often, but the real diaphragm started on June 14, when Nault tabled his First Nations Governance Act, a landmark piece of legislation designed to clean up reserve finances, and force chiefs and band councils to become more accountable to band members.

Coon Come didn't waste any time coming out of his corner. Before Nault could finish his news conference announcing the legislation, the national chief was on TV denouncing the proposed law as an extension of the "racist" Indian Act. What's more, he said, Nault was forcing the unwanted reforms on native leaders with out proper consultation. In an interview this day, Nault adopted a tone of formal respect for Coon Come, but described his adversary in terms that would hardly be welcomed by the proud leader of an organization that represents 613 reserves, and regards itself as the national voice of status Indians. "It's a lobbyist," Nault told Marlinson. "His role is to lobby on behalf

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of the chiefs, and there are a number of chiefs who prefer the status quo."

For the Prime Minister, seeing Naht wade into this fight must bring back memories—and not happy ones. As Indian affairs minister in Pierre Trudeau's first cabinet in 1969, Chrétien attempted an even bolder reform, and encountered even angrier opposition. Pressed to think big by Trudeau, he drafted a "White Paper" (never has the term for a federal policy document been more unfortunate) that proposed abolishing the Indian Act and the reserve system along with it. The plan was inspired by Trudeau's philosophy that all minorities, Aboriginals included, should be equal under the law.

In that case, though, trying to put the principle into practice turned out to be a political disaster. Indian leaders saw the attempt to abolish their special status not as an invitation to take their place in the Canadian mainstream, but as a blueprint for assimilation. Chrétien soon eventually forced to withdraw the scheme, and Trudeau admitted the attempt to legislate away inequality was "a little too abstract."

Naht has never been accused of indulging in abstract thinking. If the scheme Trudeau pushed through in 1981, the plan Naht is promoting today is grounded in his practical experience as a constituency politician. As MP for the sprawling Kitchener-Waterloo River riding in northwestern Ontario, he represents 51 Aboriginal communities. Among them are some of the country's most dismal, such as Mississaugas, the Ojibway reserve that lies justly buried into the national news in late 1999 after a tragic spate of adolescent suicides. "For years, I've been asking myself, why it is that Canada is extremely successful, and the First Nations aren't?" Naht says. "If we believe in building an economy in reserve communities, which is my number 1 priority, what's stopping us? I concluded that they need good governance and modern infrastructure."

And so he decided to reform the way reserves are run. Some critics charge that Naht's emphasis on band administration rests on an unfair assumption that reserve politicians tend to be corrupt and incompetent. But he says the main problem is not the well-publicized mismanagement of bands with notoriously bad leadership—it's the



As Indian affairs minister in 1989, Chrétien (right) proposed abolishing the Indian Act.

hopelessly overcrowded federal law that sets the framework for even the best-run communities. The Indian Act, which dates from 1876, doesn't even provide a clear legal definition of band powers. Naht's government bill would specify, for the first time, that bands can enter into contracts, borrow money, buy and sell property, and generally conduct normal business. He says the goal is to make them more attractive to outside entrepreneurs—and unleash the entrepreneurial potential of the band members themselves.

But if bands are going to have more flexibility to hire investment, Naht says they must also become more accountable in administering their own affairs. His act would require them to pass formal codes within two years for how they choose chiefs and councilors, and basic rules for how their local administrations will function. Any reserve that doesn't adopt its own code will fall under a "default regime" of rules

set by the federal government. Just as important, bands will have to set themselves new financial accountability codes, with minimum requirements such as annual budgets and independently audited financial statements.

It all sounds almost unassailably sensible. But opposition from Coon Come and many other chiefs is fierce. One of their big complaints is that Naht is concentrating on overhauling the Indian Act instead of working to get First Nations out from under the sway of a hateful law. "Why should we build on a racist document?" Coon Come says. He argues the only acceptable starting point for improving the lives of natives is negotiating complete, because self-government agreements with individual First Nations, and settling the outstanding treaty claims of many bands.

Coon Come concedes that a reform that covers almost all bands, like Naht's, can't possibly hold in enough flexibility to meet each one's aspirations, as it's inevitably Ottawa's solution. "One-size-fits-all won't work," Coon Come told Maclean's. "What Naht is doing is maintaining an administrative stranglehold over us as Indians."

Coon Come is a fiery, sometimes per searing verbal combatant. But his charge that Naht wants to keep natives under Ottawa's thumb isn't a racist document. Under the Indian Act as it now



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stands, the Indian Affairs minister has the power to disallow bylaws passed by band councils (he often does, when councils exceed the limited role assigned to them by the act). The new government law would eliminate that, and give bands much clearer power to make local laws. Bands could decide, without fear of being overruled, to enact a wide range of laws for their own purposes, from preserving their language to setting up a local health board. They would also gain the authority to adapt zoning laws, regulate business activities, and conserve natural resources.

But, according to Coon-Corse, all that creates the peril. He says the main limitation bands face today is not a lack of legal authority but a plain shortage of money. Asked if he believes Canadian taxpayers could be persuaded that the \$7.2 billion a year Ottawa now pours into Aboriginal programs is insufficient, Coon-Corse sug-

The national chief says Nault is facing uncertain reforms on native lands.

gests another generation of poverty and despair will be the cost of failing to spend more. "Let's talk about the cost of doing nothing, the need to inject some initial dollars in order to give an opportunity for young people," he says. Still, even with more money, the current reserve system should only be seen as an undesirable stage on the way to negotiating self-government—the objective that Coon-Corse urges Nault to focus on instead of "bickering" with the Indian Act.

Nault seems barely able to contain his impatience when asked why he doesn't see self-government as the only solution. "My answer to that is we're not negotiating very fast, are we?" Nault says. "At the rate we're going, it will be 60 years before we have all First Nations outside of the

Indian Act." Only a handful of First Nations—including Coon-Corse's James Bay Cree—have negotiated various forms of self-government. The latest to bargain its way out from under the Indian Act were the Ngiya of northwestern British Columbia. And that cash and land deal, finalized in April, 2000, was so controversial it paved the way for the current B.C. referendum over the future of such modern treaty-making. With the process stalled in B.C., and painfully slow everywhere else, Nault decided to pursue another course.

Those who have worked with him before expect Nault, 46, to be more determined than diplomatically pushing his government act. He is the son of a full-blooded Cree. The one-time forward with the James A. Kenna. Thanks has the low-to-the-ground build of a hard man to chuck off the pack. He cites his years as a railway union official—he once worked as a conductor—as

his preparation for brooding politics. "Union life is a lot like political life," Nault says. "There's a lot of clashing internally that doesn't get ruled about."

He entered federal politics in the 1988 election, when the Liberals won and an opposition, and in Ottawa found a mentor in Doug Young, a veteran of New Brunswick provincial politics and another plain speaker, old-style rural MP. Young emerged as the most powerful East Coast cabinet minister after the Liberals won the 1993 election, and Nault served for a while as his parliamentary secretary. Christian saw the hard-working MP from Kenora as an up-and-comer, and pushed him into cabinet as Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development in 1999. Having chosen him for the job, Christian left Nault to do it, Nault says. He has spoken to the Prime Minister only twice since taking on the post.

He says it was the cabinet job he coveted. "I am the only Indian affairs minister in history who led the job," he claims. He had travelled regularly to the sixty First Nations communities in his riding first when he was an ordinary MP, immersing himself in the details of their relationships with the department; he would later take over "I came into the department knowing a lot about the policies and programs," he says. "I had lived there every time I went to a community."

That background impressed some native leaders. But as they got to know the new minister, it was his forceful personality, not his ready grasp of details, that came to define his relationship with them. Marlene Poma, chief executive officer of the Athabasca Tribal Council, an organization of five Alberta reserves singled out by Indian Affairs as a success story for forging a working relationship with the oil and gas industry, found Nault a breath of fresh air initially. But she says the way he has single-mindedly pushed his government agenda lacks diplomacy. "My first reaction was, 'Well, at least we have someone who knows the issues,'" Poma says. "But soon then, I've found the minister's approach is, 'I'm going to do this.' It puts everybody on the defensive."

Or, in the case of Coon-Corse, on the offensive. At 46, the veteran Cree chief is Nault's age, and a good match for him. Though also where Nault is squarely

The plan Nault is promoting today is grounded in his practical experience as a constituency politician who represents 51 Aboriginal communities

built, Coon-Corse has a black belt in karate, and a reputation for thriving on conflict. He first came to national prominence during the tense days of Quebec's 1995 referendum. As grand chief of the James Bay Cree, he ran his own plebiscite in advance—a vote on whether the Cree would rather side with Canada or go with Quebec as the case of secession. When 96 per cent voted to stay in Canada, the resulting debate over whether an independent Quebec might lose a huge swath of northern land may have helped the federalist cause win by a slim margin.

Any chance of Coon-Corse vaulting popular with the Canadian public waned, however, when he denounced the country

as racist at a United Nations conference in South Africa last year. The bad press he received, and an angry reaction from Nault, has not dulled his rage. "If the marginalization of our peoples continues," he says, "we're going down a path of cultural, social, demographic—I dare say the word—genocide."

That's not the voice of compromise. But, then, as Jean Chrétien learned the hard way 33 years ago, changes to the Indian Act didn't come easily. For Nault, seeing his bill become law when the House returns next fall would be by far the biggest accomplishment of his political career. For Coon-Corse, during the next ambitious Indian Affairs legislative initiative, as decades would prove he can get results, not just stir things up. With the personal stakes of the status conventions so high, it's easy to lose sight of the far greater consequences for hundreds of highly respected. Beyond Nault's determination and Coon-Corse's anger, that is a debate about the way many impoverished Canadians live—and what, if anything, is to be done about it.

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THE LONG ROAD HOME

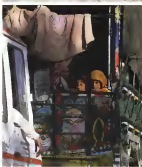
Another once-a-building in Afghanistan. Since the fall of the Taliban, refugees have been streaming back to their homeland. The office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees estimates that, since March, more than one million people have returned to a country ill-prepared to care for them, and the pace is not letting up. Many of the returnees are finding life in the "new" Afghanistan more desperate than what they experienced in the squalid refugee camps of Pakistan and Iraq. *Tanzim-ul-haq* photojournalist Adrian R. Khan recently travelled to Kabul with one returning family. His report.

ABDUL WASSAY and his family were fortunate to escape Afghanistan alive in the summer of 1993. They cut it close with the factional fighting reaching hundreds of levels. Wassay, then a teen, took refuge into his 20s, where his wife and only son

Thousands of Afghans who fled their country are now returning



Passport photographers do a booming business in a camp inside Pakistan as refugees prepare for the grueling journey (top left). After the Tawar Khim border crossing (top), their road leads through the Khyber Pass, where some struggle on foot (top right). Others squeeze into dilapidated trucks and buses (bottom right)—and hope the vehicles survive the rands. The trek is often hardest on children (left).





Decades of conflict have shattered Afghanistan's roads, leaving them pockmarked with craters and littered with broken-down vehicles and abandoned weapons of war, including scores of Russian tanks (top left). After their rough journey, returning families line up to the bitter cold near Kabul at Pal-e-Charkhi to register with authorities and receive enough food aid to keep them going for a few weeks as they attempt to get back on their feet (right). Relief needed: relief supplies are also sent by helicopter (bottom left) from Kabul to other areas, such as Yaka Bani in eastern Afghanistan



Wesley Wright and other refugees receive US\$100, but that only goes so far in helping them rebuild their lives and find jobs in a place that has largely forgotten them. And as an UNHCR official explains (bottom), they must also contend with dangers such as rocks and mines.



before dawn. They picked up whatever meager belongings could be carried, and headed for the hills. Their house in Kabul was bombed the next night—when they were in the mountains about halfway to Pakistan.

That was a decade ago—10 agonizing years of waiting and praying for loved ones, of living in squalid camps, unwanted by the foreign rulers of their homeland and largely forgotten by the international community. But the Taliban have been vanquished by coalition forces, and Wesley and his family, now with an additional three children born in Pakistan, are going home.

They're not alone on the journey. The road leading into Afghanistan from the Tora Bora border crossing, along the stony Rhyler Pass, is swarmed with returnees. It's an awe-inspiring sight, car-boys of transport trucks brightly painted with scenes of lush fields and mountain valleys, all crisscrossed to the beat with

people. As they cross the line from purgatory in Pakistan to the Promised Land, they've been denied for so long, they cheer and weep.

Amid the euphoria, I am annoyed. Despite my Canadian citizenship, my Pakistani roots may be a problem. Pakistanis don't get much respect in Afghanistan—on the north they're considered Taliban sympathizers, while in the south they're reviled as marionettes for their support of the American-led war. It's a no-win scenario and my guide has made me vow to deny my ethnic origins at all costs. "You're a Canadian, no matter what anyone says," he warns.

That doesn't make me feel any more secure. We'll be passing the place where four journalists were executed in November, and I've heard rumors that rogue Taliban have been slicing off car bands and noses of men who do not sport beards. Wesley often asks me not to worry—apparently

there hasn't been a militant incident in at least a week.

THE ROAD TO JALALABAD, a quarter of the way into the 200 km journey to Kabul, can lull travellers into a false sense of security. Often tree-lined, it cuts through a wide fertile plain ringed by gently sloping hills with the snow-capped peaks of the Hindu Kush farther off in the distance. (Traditional Afghan raise Wares from the land's stores, people laugh and tell stories of a more peaceful era in Afghanistan, when summer poems were the norm and conflict was something that happened in distant lands.)

Ahead Jalalabad, the country begins to look more like the Afghanistan I'd anticipated. The change is sudden, like a switch flipped and reality illuminated by a harsher light. The country becomes a barren wasteland, even though my companions don't appear overly moved by the con-

crete. Perhaps they weren't as duped as I was by the small oasis of paradise we've left behind. We pass a rusted Russian tank sitting by the roadside, and bombed-out villages. Nothing is left standing between Jalalabad and Sarobi, a small town slightly more than halfway to Kabul. Some of the most intense fighting between Russian forces and the Afghan mujahideen took place in these hills, my guide tells me. He should know: his father is the governor of the town, and during the war against the Russians he fought with the renowned leader Ahmed Shah Massoud, who was assassinated two days before the Sept. 11 attacks by suspected members of al-Qaeda.

We stop in Sarobi so my guide can visit his family. It's an Afghan-style reunion complete with Kalashnikovs and wine, a sweet guest list that's a staple for the Pakistanis of Afghanistan. Sarobi has a reputation of being an especially lawless

place in a lawless land, and as we duck into the governor's compound, a small battalion of men stands guard against any approaching enemy. The reality is that there is no justice of an enemy left to fight, and the men are relegated to a daily routine of football and loitering.

Wesley and his family remain on the periphery of the festivities. They seem agitated by the delay, and out of place. The militarization of Afghanistan has left many of its people without a role to play in its homeland. Wesley left to escape guns and war, now that he's back, he doesn't quite fit in with the soldiers and hardened fighters who are the dominant figure of his country. His brother, who died soon after Wesley fled, was the fighter in the family, he says. "These guns, I never felt comfortable with them," Wesley says. "I'm a cook, not a soldier." Perhaps that will eventually be to his advantage in the "new" Afghanistan. When the dust settles, and the country emerges

from the depths of conflict, it will be people like Wesley who will usher in the new era. If the dust ever settles.

After Sarobi, the journey becomes a painfully slow process as the bus idles in way around crater-ravaged potholes and fallen boulders. Every few hundred metres we pass another vehicle flambéed by the ravaged road—broken axles are the most common sight—and I begin to wonder whether our ancient bus has what it takes to survive.

Ahead Wesley and his family seem uncomfortable. They've sent their sight beyond the towering peaks that stand between us and the Kabul plain. But they'll have to be patient: after 14 hours on the road—a journey that should last barely half a day under more normal conditions—the deepening darkness and the possibility of attacks by rebels force us to stop. Better to wait for chances. But we leave well before sunrise. The returnees are impatient, a



Wassay and his struggling family often visit their bombed-out home in Kabul, which he is determined to someday rebuild. His is to remain optimistic, and plans on another room for the children. "I think we'll get by," he says—more as his already weary residents are raining out.

decade can feel like a lifetime and a day like a decade when home is so close at hand.

WELCOME TO KABUL. There is little conversation on the bus as the passengers stare in the depressing sight. In one 15-minute span we see as many foreign troops as locals: French, German, American. Choppers fly supplies to the front lines where soldiers work clearing mines. The message seems to be: this is still a war zone—don't get too comfortable.

That's also what an official at the UNHCR station tells us: "Brothers, sisters, children, Afghan soldiers [pray God protect you]. The UNHCR has stationed us in Kabul to warn you about mines and rockets so that you may avoid the danger. You who are returning to Afghanistan must avoid, must not touch, these things. Every day we tell 10,000 people about the dangers in Afghanistan. Children, women, seniors, please pay attention to

these displays. Everyone pay attention to me. That is a bomb, these are mines, this is a rocket launcher."

The morning is gray and chilly. Stiff and shivering, Wassay nods upon the meager supplies offered by the UNHCR as part of a "Refugee Reintegration Package"—US\$100, blankets, soap, a tarp and tent, a bucket, some wheat, frozen goods. It's a small token, barely enough to last a week in the impoverished capital, but he appreciates the assistance. It's worried about the burden he'll be placing on the friends who have agreed to house the family until he gets on his feet. "This will help," he says, passing the supplies into the bus for the last leg of the journey.

I LEAVE WASSAY and his family as they unfold and stand, momentarily bewildered, in front of their brother's home in the heart of Kabul. Wassay's plan is to stay a few days in the small mud-brick structure

that has become a shelter for four families. Two weeks later, I find him still there, unable to find work and disillusioned by the realities of the city that refuses to embrace him. Every day he pays a visit to the gated remains of his old home, and makes plans. "This time," he says, "I think I'll build the kitchen on this side, where the bedrooms were. It gets more light in the morning. I'll have to build another room for the children, but I think we'll get by."

The words are optimistic, but he is a man grasping for hope. The future of Wassay and others like him rests largely in the hands of the international community. But the aid agencies are broke, and the flow of funds from international donors has slowed to a trickle. The world has ignored Afghanistan before. Now, that cycle may be about to repeat itself. The forgotten people of Afghanistan have returned, only to find that, after their long absence, they were never really missed. ■

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AN INFLATED NOTION OF WORTH

The push for shareholder value is out of control

SHAREHOLDER VALUE the words themselves enable paradox. Even though the expression refers to straightforward financial gain—through the dedication of management and decisions to increasing the company's share price—it comes across as a timeless virtue. Shareholders are participants—all in this together—and value, according to the Oxford dictionary, means worth, desirability, utility—qualities so upbeat and sprightly, every aspiring citizen would want them. There's even the notion of desiring the holy grail, so directors are supposed to be looking out for the interests of investors. The thinking is steeped in logic and difficult to criticize. But the truth is, shareholder value is a concept that has gotten out of control.

In ever-worsening numbers, shareholders—justifiably—want their companies to be beholden to them. They are the owners, after all. The middle class, expecting bail from government in its retirement

years, saves less and invests more than ever before. About half of all working Canadians are involved in the stock market, according to the Investment Dealers Association of Canada—and their investments have doubled in the past 10 years to more than \$550 trillion.

The middle-class investor is not alone, of course, in the drive for better results. The traditional crop of old money players, and more importantly, that small army of professional money managers that handles billions for mutual fund companies, pension funds and the very wealthy, are behind it, too. We'd want the same thing—more money—and the price is paying big bucks to make it happen. Our houses, their bonuses, and all of our eggs depend on it. Smart company managers are responding. Their bonuses, too, are tied to meeting stock options, are rooted in better returns. The effort is so concerted and so focused as to be almost unresistant.

The focus on shareholder value has spawned leader businesses. Consulting firms have whole divisions that provide companies with advice on how to improve it. One of these firms, New Hampshire-based Kennedy Information Inc., publishes a magazine six times a year called *Shareholder Value*. There are Web sites on the subject, including, naturally, *shareholdervalue.com*, and academic argue in serious papers over what drives it. The American Management Association even wants to teach it; the group has a certificate program in shareholder value creation.

The value of our investments has so captured the imagination it's long since taken over the table talk at dinner parties. House prices, anyone? Could you pass the stock tips, darling? Does anyone ever discuss Norton anymore, for fear of causing a pull over the party? Ironically, Norton Networks Corp., the company that's lost a lion's share of value—\$667 billion, or 95 per cent, off in July, 2000 peak—is committed, like so many other companies, to enhancing shareholder value as a mission statement says so. It's also a company that has laid off 32,500 people, or more than half its employees—thanks to the collapse of overvalued shareholder value.

The pressure to create that kind of false worth has become relentless. Norton and the tech companies that went bust after the bubble burst are just one part of the phenomenon. Another is the push for convergence by telecom and media companies, designed to squeeze more profits out of their businesses. An enormous amount of money and energy has gone into making convergence work, and for a moment or two, those prices in the sector bumped upwards. The only thing lacking so far is substance—and real value. It's turning out to be a hollow promise—witnessed by the fall from grace of Jerrold Moray, formerly CEO of BCE Inc. The few companies that haven't bought in so either convergence or the supremacy of shareholder value—such as Power Corp. of Canada, the Montreal-based media and financial services conglomerate controlled by the Desmarais family—haven't had a share price boost, but neither have they had to ride a roller coaster.

While more shareholder disappointment is inevitable, it's not the only ill-

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out. The pressure to produce better returns pulls attention away from other important factors, such as long-term strategic thinking. If the payoff from a major, balance-sheet-depleting investment is going to take 10 years, what do we tell the stockholders this year? Decision-making, by managers and board members, is increasingly focused on maintaining ever-expanding returns—effectively to feed the insatiable shareholder man.

Then there's the impact of corporate decisions on other stakeholders, from the community to employees. In their short-sighted focus on instant returns, investors may be ignoring corporate actions that cause havoc or harm in their own backyards. Almost every year at the annual meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board, a teacher or two will stand up and insist that the firm divest of certain investments considered unsuitable. But Claude Lamoureux, the board's CEO, always defends the pension fund's fiduciary duty to invest with the best return as its full objective. The manager don't make ethical calls, he says, just investment judgments.

Enron Corp. is almost too easy to point to as the poster company of shareholder value gone mad. This is an enterprise that, once as cover was blown, saw US\$68 billion in false equity disappear. More than 4,300 employees lost their jobs, as well as their retirement savings held in company stock. What brought Enron down was the way it kept its books—whisking the merry bit off the balance sheet in order to make its numbers look good, with the willing co-operation of auditors Arthur Andersen LLP. In other words, to make the company look more valuable. The executives, of course, continued to talk up the company even as they quietly sold their shares at wildly inflated prices.

There are other examples of over-

wrought bids to improve shareholder value that are perfectly legal and much closer to home. One is the battle for control of Fisheries Products International Ltd., which plied locals from Newfoundland land against Bay Street power brokers. Last year, a group of institutional investors decided FPI could be managed more efficiently and make more money. The company, created in 1983 by the merger of small, mostly failing, fish plants, had been run by Vic Young, who'd managed to turn a profit at the company, although not at its maximum potential. Enter now John Raley, owner of Gloucester Fine Foods Inc., a major Nova Scotia-based seafood company. Raley managed to run FPI's board and planned to cut 600 jobs out of roughly 1,300 when he merged the two companies. But the planned job cuts met with vociferous outrage in Newfoundland's coastal communities. As the government prepared legislation to put new ownership limits on the company, effectively scuttling the merger, Raley called it off. In Newfoundland, protecting those jobs—and a way of life—was more important than taking out a few more percentage points of profit. It's an unusual victory.

There is a new, and for now limited, more aloof in the investment community to promote socially responsible investing. It has taken more than a decade to catch on, sparked largely by the 1987 report by the UN's Brundtland Commission on the environment and development. A few firms have created portfolios to invest in companies committed to sustainable development—and, according to the Conference Board of Canada, they tend to match or outperform their benchmarks. These portfolios make up a tiny portion of the overall market—at \$50 billion in assets in 2000, they accounted for only 3.2 per cent in Canada. In the U.S., the proportion is better, at 13 per cent. It's a start—and it's reassuring that this kind of investing makes as much, if not more, money than others. Still, it's not enough. There's nothing wrong with making money—unless it's geared to the exclusion of all else. As owners, shareholders have the power to insist that corporations take into account more than the immediate bottom line when decisions are made. They just haven't yet recognized the value in that. ■

Decision-making is focused on maintaining ever-expanding returns—effectively to feed the insatiable shareholder man.



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TRAPPED IN A GREAT BRAIN

Claire Minkley does calculus in her head. If only she could express her thoughts. People are trying to make that happen.

*If I could read your mind, I love
What a tale your thoughts could tell*

JOHN MINKLEY DOUBTS his 18-year-old daughter, Claire, has ever heard Gordon Lightfoot's classic song. Some day, he says, he must play it for her. Claire loves music, he knows this to be true. Claire loves complex and beautiful things: the elegant structure of mathematics, the delicious puzzle of the origin of the universe, of God's role in this, and of her place within it. Claire, in her way, has said these things. But there is so much more to tell, if only somehow, he could read her mind. Many parents of an uncommunicative teen might wish the same. But John and his wife, Melinda, of the Victoria suburb of Oak Bay, B.C., along with an extended community of Vancouver Island scientists and educators known as the *Claire Project*, are actually working toward that goal. It is Claire, staring that fall at the nearby University of Victoria, who wears this mind-reading veil.

Claire has a genetic condition—"a deletion in one of her chromosomes," says John, a lawyer—that caused a significant portion of her brain to develop unusually. Her condition resembles cerebral palsy. If she could stand, she'd be about four feet two. She weighs less than 55 pounds. Her muscles are spastic. To move an arm, to shift her head, even to control the movement of her eyes is a slow-motion act of extreme will. Claire is unable to speak. You could fill this magazine with the things she can't do, but that list would tell you nothing about her. "Your body is a prison," someone told her. "No," she replied, spelling her answer by the slow process of pointing to letters drawn on a board. "My body is what I have to work with."

What the *Claire Project* wants to achieve is simple enough to explain if dif-

ficult to achieve. A brain gives off measurable electrical signals. If Claire can be taught to control and vary the strength of her brainwave signals, these might be translated by computer into words on a screen or even a synthesized voice. Such technology already exists for those who, unlike Claire, have the dexterity to flick a switch or move their eyebrows or blow into a tube. The only part of Claire that is agile and supple and strong is her brain. It must be taught to speak.

To do so, the Minkleys enlisted the University of Victoria Assistive Technology Team, a group of about 40 researchers, staff and volunteers who donate their expertise to developing devices for the disabled. A typical project is building a mechanism to allow a severely paralyzed woman to open and close her laptop, says Nigel Livingston, a professor of biology and director of the team. But the *Claire Project* has ballooned into a major research effort. Livingston, who also has a special-needs daughter, described the challenge of "getting a broadcast from her brain" before volunteer Bill Hoak, a semi-retired 75-year-old California aerospace engineer living on Vancouver Island. "Can a person using just a simple electrical signal generated by their brainwaves communicate with a computer?" asked Hoak, who'd spent much of his career in the challenges of relaying signals through space. "Well that struck me as a communications problem so I became

interested personally." Adding programming expertise are Jan Parnett and Bob McDonald, members of the Minkleys' Anglican church and partners at Anthony Macauley Associates, a Victoria software company.

Claire's disability was apparent from birth, but since she never seemed to recognize her limitations, her parents have moved heaven and earth to clear obstacles in her way. Melinda, a B.C. government public servant, reads reading primer books to Claire when she was about three, with the dawning realization that Claire was pointing to words, not pictures. By Grade 5, picture books were replaced by such weighty reads as *A Brief History of Time*, by Stephen Hawking. At the end of each chapter, she'd spell out comments to her dad. At the end of the book, she wrote the author a few paragraph letter, spelled out as the painful rate of 15 words an hour. "I enjoyed reading your book," she told one of the world's great theoretical physicists, "but I don't agree with your theory of black holes." Hawking, whose mobility is seriously impaired by ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), thanked her for her "very perceptive" observations. "I understand you have similar difficulties in communication, so I wondered if you might be helped by a computer system like mine," he wrote. "I include a description."

Claire does not have even the limited muscle control required to operate Hawking's communication system. Nor is it clear yet whether she will benefit from the *Claire Project*, though it seems likely either way. The problem in part comes from her difficulty generating and controlling the kind of periodic signals that can form the basis of a communications system. Her muscle spasms create so much electrical noise, it's hard to identify her brainwaves—rather like static overwhelms



Claire's dad, John, puts an electrode-studded cap on her head for an exercise in controlling her brainwaves (left). As Claire's sister, Lucy, plays a video game nearby, their mother, Melinda, helps her settle down for her midday rest.



Letter by painstaking letter, Claire dictated a note to Stephen Hawking, saying she didn't agree with the great physicist's theory of black holes

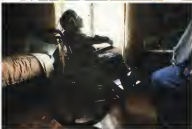
ing a weak AM radio signal. "It's not been as successful with Claire as we'd hoped," says Livingston.

While work to help Claire continues, the research has expanded to include some stroke victims and four people who, like Hawking, have ALS. The usual course of ALS is a progressive loss of muscle control: arms, legs, voice box, fingers, eyebrows and finally eye movements. Hawk says the ALS test subjects have generated the kind of periodic brain signals that should let them communicate in their condition deteriorates. There is potential, too, for others paralyzed by disease or spinal injury, says Brook. "An active mind being trapped in a useless body is a horrible thing." The research "looks very encouraging," he says, but the key to Claire's mind remains elusive.

The need for efficient communication took on new urgency when Claire earned admission to university, where she'll study physics and math this fall. She was an A student at Oak Bay High School, attending every class with Mingshan Barron, her student assistant. It is Barron who wheeled her to class, held her notebook, recorded the answers Claire pointed to on boards filled with letters or numbers and mathematical symbols, and helped find the student ways to demonstrate her knowledge. "Claire pretty much absorbed the information," Barron says. "I just took the notes and checked with her to make sure she understood it." Claire completed her heavy Grade 12 course load over two years. The challenge is surely in understanding the work, it is in sharing her knowledge, a difficulty that will only increase as university goes.

Still, she earned about 100 per cent this year in advanced placement calculus. "It must be really difficult for her," says her teacher, James Bell. "So much needs to be done in her head." Imagine the frustration, he says. "Her mind's working. It's working better than most kids' minds, but you can't get that across very easily."

THERE'S A STEREO in Claire's bedroom, and next to Josselyn testing dolls. There is perfume and makeup and a few fuzzy towels. There are books on astronomy, a Bible, the novel *Contact*, by Carl Sagan, about decoding the voices of distant galaxies. There are weighty tomes on the theories of cosmic origin. "I think under-



Claire relaxes with a period of meditation before starting her mental exercises at her last high-school calculus class (top)

standing the origin of the universe is very essential to understanding God's creation," she informed Hawking as a pre-teen 11-year-old. This grand mystery of creation is a passion she'll pursue at university, as others puzzle over the enigma that is Claire.

She sits in her room on a perfect spring afternoon, trying to rattle out the backward sounds of her esoteric nine-year-old sister Lucy and a friend as play like a winning an electrode-studded green cloth cap that is wired to a laptop computer. "Feel yourself moving into your meditation place,"

her father says in his patient, gentle voice. "The brainwaves are encoded on the screen in various ways: in the jumping bars of a graph, in a rising, ragged line of peaks and valleys, and in a flowing sinusoidal wave. "Relax now," John says, "and reduce the signal." He points to changes on her brain-wave pattern, something she is doing with more consistency than working with an expert in meditation. Success is just a question of time, he says firmly, watching the cryptic thoughts of his daughter dance on the screen.

Claire describes her dilemma this way: "I pretend that you are playing the piano and you can't make any sound. That's how I feel." Is there working to help her, she says. "Thank you so much for trying to put sound to my music." ■



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RUNNING FOR LEADER?

Health Minister Anne McLellan says she may decide to throw her hat in the ring

NEW HEALTH MINISTER Anne McLellan is the headliner with her proposed legislation on reproductive technologies—and confusion known she may run against Paul Martin for the Liberal leadership. She sat down in her Ottawa office, overlooking the river, for a long chat.

AF: Why did you go into politics?

AM: Politics is bred in the bone, as you know. And my family are Liberals. Right? As you know, in Nova Scotia where I grew up, you are a Liberal or a Tory. My father worked in the local Liberal shop. My mother was a county councillor and deputy mayor where we lived. So, I was always around people who talked about politics and cared about politics. I was a member of the Young Liberals in Dalhousie and involved in Gerry Rege's first campaign when he became premier in 1970.

AF: Did he teach you a lesson?

AM: No. Let me be categorical about this.

AF: What made you run?

AM: I sort of decided by '92—by that time I was teaching constitutional law in Edmonton—that what I enjoy in politics is the policy stuff. This group of people, largely women, came and said, "Why don't you think about running in Edmonton Northwest? We'll get an organisation together." Nobody knew what Brian Mulroney was doing, he hadn't left at that point. We started campaigning until election day, Oct. 25, 1993. We went into this not expecting to win. Because we hadn't elected a Liberal in Alberta since '68. But with the collapse of the Conservatives, by the last week we knew this was a race between us and Reform. In our wildest dreams, we told didn't think we could win. On election night, I was by one vote. Closest race in the country.

AF: Landslide Anne.

AM: I was sitting there with one vote. The judicial review hadn't taken place. I get a

phone call on Sunday saying, "We would like you to come to Ottawa. The PM would like to talk to you."

AF: Did he in fact appoint you before the election?

AM: No. Tuesday morning I saw the PM and he asked me to become the Minister of Natural Resources. Um, I thought I was from Alberta, my background was obviously not in the oil and gas industry. I said, "Well, look, Prime Minister, I haven't won this thing you judicial review."

By Wednesday afternoon, I had been locked in my hotel room long enough. It was musing I was passing back and forth and I said, "This is it. I'm going to go off and buy myself a new suit." At 11 p.m., I got the call. "You won by 11 votes." I called my partner, John. I said, "John, catch the red eye and come to the wedding." He got to Ottawa at 7:30 a.m., had a shower and we went off to Redoubt Hall.

AF: You are not married?

AM: I have a partner.

AF: Have you ever been in a room?

AM: No.

AF: You don't have children?

AM: I have a stepdaughter, Jessie, who is 21. My partner John and I have been together for 15 years.

AF: Are I allowed to ask how old you are?

AM: Yes, I'm 51. And we have a dog, Suzie.

AF: Aquired. Do you want to see a picture?

AM: Of course.

AF: Anyway, we live in Edmonton. John teaches at the law school and my stepdaughter is an education student at the University of Alberta.

"There is no leadership race. Jean Chrétien is the Prime Minister for as long as he wants to be. I believe that profoundly."

AF: You have been together for 15 years.

Why didn't you get married?

AM: Just never seemed important.

AF: Does the too set that is Question Period—did that sound you, when you first got to it?

AM: I remember my first question came from Preston Manning, and it was about the carbon tax. And 10 years later, the Alliance still throws up the dreaded carbon tax. But I have a kind of spot in my heart for Preston. He had called to give me notice he was going to ask the question. I thought it was very decent. He didn't have to do that.

AF: Who gives you the toughest time across the floor?

AM: I have had a lot of critics, in my three portfolios [Natural Resources, Justice, Health]. A man who is now leaving the Bloc Québécois, Michel Bellefleur, to run for the PQ. I ran into him in the elevator and I said to him good luck. He asked good questions and thoughtful questions. John Reynolds was my critic for a while and asked good questions. John knows how to ask a question.

AF: Are you in the Martin camp or the Chrétien camp?

AM: I, uh, look. I am going to tell you what we all should say and you are going to get tired of hearing it. There is no leadership race. The Prime Minister is the Prime Minister for as long as he wants to be. I believe that profoundly.

AF: Do you think he is going to run again?

AM: That is up to him to decide.

AF: Maybe for his wife to decide?

AM: Well, maybe. I think that kind of a decision would be a family decision.

UM: As long as he wants to stay prime minister.

AF: Doesn't your partner, if he says he's taking up a position at the University of BC, sit down with you and discuss?

AM: We try to keep our opinions open and retain some flexibility in terms of making one's decisions.

AF: Of course the leadership race is out open. But if it does come open, you would probably be on the Martin side?

AM: Unless I run myself.

Allan Fotheringham appears every other issue. af@heraldcanada.com



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THE LIVIN' IS QUEASY

Summertime is finally upon us—a joyless spring in the stock market

WHAT IS SO RARE as a day in June when the weather is fair and the U.S. dollar and U.S. stocks go up? June has passed April and May in the bad weather (bad stock category, making this a joyless spring. What once looked like a new bull market has sprouted untimely hail and claps. As market historians note, this kind of plunge has never—never—occurred during the first year of an economic recovery.

For those of us who predicted the birth of a bull, this is downright embarrassing. Although my enthusiasm never reached the strategists' consensus, I did go to a neutral position on stocks, as against bonds, in my recommended asset mix for U.S. institutional investors, an equity component modestly higher than I had been recommending since 1999.

As faithful readers are aware, I was bullish about Canadian equities in general (except for tech stocks), with the emphasis on golds, base metals and oils. Although the resource stocks have performed well, the rest of the market has been dragged down by the despair emanating from the south. Ray Stene is doing far better than Wall Street, but there is scant rejoicing on equity desks.

When the stock market does something it has never done before, strategists are naturally confused. We work by using historical analogies and precedents, on the Mark Twain principle: "history doesn't repeat itself, but it sure does rhyme."

It all seemed so clear: The Federal Reserve had slashed its key lending rate to a mere 1.75 per cent—the lowest level in 40 years. The federal government's fiscal position had swung from modest surplus to big deficit. Consumer spending on houses and cars had held up throughout the brief recession, and was continuing strong. Already, central banks had also been withdrawing, and economies were picking up. Inflation was at low levels that would encourage central banks to remain market-friendly. Ergo, the U.S. was going

to have a good recovery that would last for years. Stocks were therefore a buy.

Yes, there was that troubling matter of the war on terror, but it was also going well. The Taliban had been annihilated in Afghanistan, and the Talibanization of Pakistan had been arrested. Osama bin Laden was no longer tossing new video tapes in which he cruised over the slaughter of American men, women and children, raising the possibility that he was already in hell. However, the suicide bombings continued in Israel, and then came word of the arrest of an American convert to radical Islam who, we were told, was planning to release a "dirty bomb" that would spray nuclear material, killing and contaminating on a citywide scale.

As the stock market continued to slide, Wall Street's drumbeaters, shills and mountebanks and it was the terrorist's fault. Blaming bad guys is easier than admitting you screwed up. Although Islamic terrorists have much to answer for, it is unfair to blame them for the bear market. As Churchill stated, "If you have to kill a man, it costs nothing to be polite."

This disappointing stock market comes from: (1) daily revelations of corporate misbehavior and accounting chicanery; (2) the general overvaluation of U.S. stocks, particularly techs; and (3) the bear market for the U.S. dollar itself.

Back when Bill Clinton was president and the stock market was the wonder of the world, top businessmen were media heroes. They were the geniuses who were making the economy boom and matching

ordinary Americans' brokerage accounts and pension plans. Since then, we have learned that many of these heroes were double-dealers who enriched themselves at the expense of public investors. Gary Winnick, for example, made US\$735 million out of Global Crossing in the three years before it went bankrupt; Larry Ellison made US\$706 million in stock option profits from Oracle in a year its stock tumbled. Dennis Kozlowski of Tyco seems to have spent a disproportionate amount of his time and the company's money evading taxes on personal purchases and the litigation on.

A key component of these stories of trader success and corporate collapse has been shifty accounting. Some of it (such as Enron's) was downright fraudulent, but most of the money investors lost came from reliance on earnings reports that used what was euphemistically termed "aggressive accounting." The greatest aggressiveness came in failure to give credit for the stock options that were making insiders rich beyond the dreams of Croesus.

The second big problem is the generally high prices for U.S. stocks, even after they were marked down in the sell-off. According to the S&P 500 at Standard & Poor's, if the S&P 500 were a stock worth its index value in dollars, it would now be earning annual profits of \$36, once the costs of stock options are included. That means that when the S&P was trading at the seemingly depressed level of 1,000, it reported a bull market price-earnings ratio of (1,000–\$36) of 28. (Even if you accept the earnings reports issued by the S&P companies, the index is expected to earn just \$51, making the p/e 36—conservative, perhaps, but certainly not bear-beyond-repair.)

Thirdly, there is the dollar's decline. Propping up an expensive and versus challenged market is especially difficult when your currency is itself in trouble: it requires foreignness loss on both the currency and the stocks. Global investment managers don't stay in business long by getting both of these key variables wrong.

Three strikes and you're out—of money. Furthermore, and the investment field is squawky.

Donald Cohen's column appears every week. donald@investments.ca

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TERROR AND THE PORTS

Haphazard security and the grip of the crime families alarm a Senate committee

IF ITS FINDINGS were not so unnerving, the Standing Senate Committee on National Security and Defence would be considered charmingly offbeat. For more than a year, its members have traipsed diligently across the nation, inspecting security procedures on the nation's periphery. As just about every stop, members have listened patiently while an Ottawa bureaucrat, flown in specially for the hearing, has offered bland assurances about safety, everything is fine, nothing to worry about. Then they have perambled, and occasionally privately, met with the "real" people: police forces on the ground, union members, customs inspectors. And they have uncovered chilling glimpses of haphazard security—and the very real potential for death between organized crime and terrorism. "We Canadians have been living in a dream world," says Conservative Senator Michael McIntosh. "But the real world is a more dangerous place."

Clearly, although the committee is prying into everything from the condition of military equipment to cyber threats, it has made its most unsettling discoveries in the ports. In Vancouver, an intelligence analyst testified that Asian triads, Russian gangsters and neo-terrorists have infiltrated the docks. But, as the committee acutely notes, port officials view security measures as "expensive and time-consuming." In Halifax, a senior police officer estimated that 39 per cent of the longshoremen have criminal records. In Montreal, police reckoned that 15 per cent of the warehouse workers have criminal records—as do 36 per cent of workers who check cargo containers. But applicants to the union supplying the dock workers "must be sponsored by insiders who are sometimes members of crime families and their friends." The committee anxiously adds that port authorities in all three cities are in a state of denial about organized crime. "We have been absolutely shocked by what we have heard," says Liberal Senator Colin Kenny,

the committee's chairman. "What became apparent to us was there was a whole under-ground system of governance in some ports which the police were aware of—but did not have the resources to address."

The committee was so disturbed by its findings that it opened, titled last February, called for a judicial inquiry into port security "as soon as possible." Kenny points out that a van in a cargo container could easily accommodate several nuclear devices, which could be set off with a cellphone. But, even after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, port authorities believe the chamber of commerce president, concentrating on the efficiency of their operations. "We did not go to the ports as crime bastions," Kenny says. "But it is clear to us that where organized crime is flourishing, terrorism has a welcome bedmate."

Ottawa will probably not call an inquiry. But the government must produce an official response to the committee's initial 18 recommendations this fall. Insiders say the RCMP is paying more attention to the ports, partly due to the committee's findings. And they point out that last December's budget set aside \$60 million over the next five years for improved port and marine security. Since the attacks, three Canadian ports have also agreed to allow U.S. customs officials to inspect cargo bound for U.S. ports. Canada has received similar privileges in two U.S. ports. But customs inspectors have limited resources; as a maximum, they can check only three per cent of container traffic.

So security in the port itself must be

improvingly increased. After all, assessments are only as reliable as the people who hold them. As a trading nation, Canada would be devastated if cargo traffic were paralyzed because of a terrorist incident. We have to move fast—because the U.S. is moving very fast. In early June, the House of Representatives passed a bill allowing the Coast Guard to deny entry to any ship that does not meet security standards or comes from a port with wholly into terrorism procedures. The architect of this approach, retired U.S. Coast Guard commander Stephen Flynn, points out that four private terminal operators account for 65 per cent of global container movement. "Clearly, these incentive to comply is that they need the system not to go into gridlock," he says. "Then their whole life could come to a halt."

Even those precautions are only a first step—because determined terrorists often find ways to thwart ground security. Better intelligence would alert them before they even get near the ports. But, as the committee notes, Ottawa has done little to coordinate authority over its intelligence—small, overworked units in the Privy Council Office analyze data from as many as 13 agencies. It's hard to gauge the risks of all levels of government. "I don't see any big idea or much energy in Ottawa," says Wesley Wark, an espionage expert at Toronto's Black Centre for International Studies. "We need to take a serious look at capability and organization, at enhanced handling of intelligence."

In the meantime, Kenny's committee is busy gathering evidence for its next report. In early May, members popped into a border checkpoint in Prescott, Ont., asking the official on duty to describe his last refugee claimant. It was a woman who appeared to qualify, said the guard, so he let her into Canada. Her hearing would be in 2004. He had no idea who she was. The committee is also focusing its attention on major airports, checking out rumors that Hells Angels members are involved in the delivery of some services. "We just go through things step by step," says Kenny, "and ask the dumb questions." It is some answers that deserve that epithet.

Mary Janigan's column appears every other issue. janigan@torstar.com



This round is for those who actually enjoy playing in the sand.

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'I'M VERY PROUD OF THE CBC'

Explaining Canada to Canadians is as important as ever, the president argues

AS JOBS GO, it isn't an easy one. Since Robert Rabenowitz became president and CEO of the CBC in November, 1999, he has fought with the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission over programming, pleaded over contracting staff layoffs, and endured strikes at both the English and French arms of the national broadcaster. Then there's the increasingly fragmented media universe, and the ongoing challenge of refining the CBC's role in it at a time when some private broadcasters are calling for the plug to be pulled on funding. But the Montreal-born Rabenowitz has been up to the challenge. A respected veteran of both the private and public sectors—he was deputy minister of communications from 1982 to 1985, and executive vice-president and chief operating officer at the Montreal-based private investment company Claridge Inc.—Rabenowitz recently spoke to *Maclean's* Editor Anthony Wilson Smith about the CBC and its future.

Everyone loves to either love the CBC or hate the CBC. Or both at the same time.

In the wake of Sept. 11, there was a stream of criticism over a televised *Town Hall* in which participants were very critical of the U.S. It led to renewed suggestions that CBC coverage is too political.

Canadians came to us after the events of Sept. 11 and stayed with us both in English and in French because we gave the Canadian perspective. I think that *Town Hall* was a classic case of a blind program where sometimes you lose certain aspects of control. Some of the audience didn't play by the rules. They were told, "There is an opportunity for your different opinion—we're not going to censor you, but please don't yell or boo." Some people did. Overall, I'm very proud of the CBC—I feel it did a superb job.

How much should popularity ratings matter for CBC television and radio?

You look at ratings, no question—it's an indication of how you reach people. But my philosophy is that we're not out to win the race of check-lets. We're out to do quality programs, distinctive from what you get on other channels.

Some changes under discussion at CBC Radio seem aimed at abandoning a segment of Canadian society not well-served by the private sector—as older, often rural audiences—and replacing current fare with new programming aimed at a younger urban audience that already has lots of choices to that effect?

No. Right now we're in a position of strength in radio, both English and French. We're worried about the demographic we have, but that doesn't mean we want to abandon it. We have to build from that demographic and reach out to more people in the 35 to 49-year-old group, and freshen up our programs.

Is your commitment to sports coverage as strong as ever?

Not as strong, but it will be a very significant part of our programming. Professional sports has been reduced, but I don't think it will be reduced any more. And we are going to keep pushing on amateur sports—we are the only ones who do on-line sports 52 weeks of the year.

What do you think of Don Cherry?

There are times when I'm not happy, because I'm not sure he is consistent with what a public broadcaster should be doing. There are times when I'm astounded by the depth of his knowledge. And I wish he would stick to that. He is a very knowledgeable. He's also outrageous.

There are always rumors that politicians phone you to let the CBC must keep certain shows. How often does that happen?

Never. A lot of people around Ottawa like CBC Radio's *The Music*, but never do I get instructions saying, "Keep it! It just doesn't work that way. Never have I had anyone call and say, 'I was very upset with your report last night on *The National*.'" There is a script in Ottawa for independent public broadcasting.

What happens when you don't like a show or hear that there may be plans to get rid of something you like?

I don't do programming. But you wouldn't believe me if I said I don't have any influence. I talk about things, about programs or people on the air, but it's just an opinion.

At the outset, you expressed enthusiasm for getting rid of the so-called local news. That hasn't happened. Is that a change of philosophy or defeat for you?

Our objective was to find a different form of programming and to look objectively at our performance and what we could do that was different. We came up with a new package, a national newscast at 6 o'clock out of Vancouver that is unique in terms of structure. We have a lot more regional news on that national newscast than ever before—it's a different type of program. We'll have to keep working and testing and building our model. But we are committed to making that newscast work. We think there is a public out there that wants it.

How much of the private sector do you watch?

I got into trouble when I first took this job. Somebody asked me what was my favorite program and I said *Law & Order*. I moved so much that I find my watching is quite limited. But you have to know what's working on the other side and get a feel for it. So I watch *Law & Order* and other programs when I get a chance.

Moses Zinsler of *Globe* says that if private broadcasters had access to the haps



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pool of public money the CBC gets for Canadian programming, they'd do just as well, or better.

You have to consider the economics of broadcasting. Americans dump a significant amount of product into Canada—and it is dumped, because it costs \$3 million to produce a hour-long program in the U.S., while Canadian broadcasters can buy it for, say, \$150,000. Now if you are going to replace that program, it may cost you \$1 million to produce a Canadian program, versus all the \$350,000 it could cost to buy that American program, and you may get only \$60,000 or \$100,000 in ads, whereas the American program would get you \$350,000 in ads. So the economics say you're crazy to do Canadian programming. We at the CBC do it because it's our mandate.

There are often suggestions from private broadcasters that the CBC's funding model should be changed to be more like that of PBS or Ontario's TVO. Is that a possibility?

We've talked about the PBS model and it doesn't work. Advocates of the PBS model think the money all comes from fundraising, but they forget or don't know how much money comes from government, a very significant amount of PBS funding comes from the federal government, and from state and local government. Then they have a foundation structure underpinning it. I heard from people at PBS that they raise a total of \$250 million annually. But that into a Canadian context, a population of one-tenth the American population, and we'll be lucky to see \$35 million. And remember, PBS has no news coverage other than the Lehrer report. Basically they are not in that business.

Would you say that, as the media universe becomes more fragmented, the CBC becomes more important?

In a fragmented universe, it's the only entity that serves the responsibility of exploring one region to another. That is the design, not the accident—and we work at it. The number of people watching Canadian shows has gone down in the last couple of years, in terms of percentage—but our numbers have not.

Can you foresee a model in which the CBC

would remain a public broadcaster with some private sector financial involvement? No, I can't. Once you get into a shared model, a joint equity model, you have an obligation to drive return for the private sector. Once you are driving return, you begin to change your programming. At that point, you might as well privatize the whole thing.

How important is the Internet for the CBC's future?

It will be an integral part. You can see it more and more, especially with children's programming. We build the Internet component from the beginning, not something you just add on. When I came here the Internet was an after-thought, and had its own budget. That was wrong—it had to be integrated with the program. The Internet is a delivery system—that's all it is. It gives you certain flexibilities, certain abilities.

How much do you expect the broadcast environment to change?

I'm quite sure ownership patterns will change. I won't be surprised to see more U.S. ownership of the private sector. There will be a real decision the government will have to make when it ultimately opens up telecom. And it will—it's only a matter of time. But when it opens up telecom, does it open up the whole group, including cable? Does it say to cable, "No, you've got to split off your programming part, and have a separate set of rules for that?" Or will they grab the whole group and have for the private sector regulations an Canadian context, and then move on from there? I don't know—but it's going to be fun [laughs].

How long do you want to keep doing this job?

It's too early to say. It will depend on my health, on my family. It's not an easy job but I do love it. I believe that is the most important thing. It takes longer than five years to change a company this large.

Does everyone you meet think they would be a better president?

There are 30 million people in Canada with at least 35 million ideas [laughs]. And that's what makes it fun. It's like a Jewish synagogue, you know.

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DAY OF THE VIKING

At this foggy spot, the idea of Canada was forged

CANADA DAY at Ulisse van Meadows: I stagger awake in the darkness and crawl into my dacha 15 minutes before sunrise. My plan, such as it is, is to hike from the guest house in Hay Cove to the tip of Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula and watch the sun break across the Atlantic on this, the first day of July, 2001.

But when I reach the highway, I stare like a congregation of silhouetted Moose Deer, maybe five. They move out from the scrub grass, surprisingly agile on their knob-kneed rock legs, and they come towards me, clip-dapping across the backdrop, so close I can hear their grunted puffs of breath. Like moose everywhere, they carry with them a certain dignified aggressiveness—they are the mired Hühnerberg pariahs of the animal kingdom, combining regal deportment with huge ratcheting claws.

When was the last time I saw a moose this close? Well, never. And the muzzling session for moose, when easily does this begin? I try to look uninterested in the familiar. I try to look big. I try to look like I'm not afraid, even as the moose begin to snuff their nose on the side. "G'wan, G'wan, G'wan," I say, my voice dimly cutting through the fog.

It's no use. I am about to be mugged by a gang of moose and the only comfort I draw from this is the knowledge that, if nothing else, this is certainly the single most Canadian you could possibly die. I can see the headlines already: **BELOVED AUTHOR TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY MOOSE** **PIERRE BERTON GREEN WITH ENEMY**

But then, on some unspoken cue, the moose suddenly lurch to one side and lope away, dissolving back into the pale light of a partial moon. Pulse pounding, I walk back to Hay Cove at a brisk pace—to think, in fact, that it's more of a sprint than a walk, really. "I think I'll do it."

And as I pull out of Hay Cove, I can't

help but wonder if my CIA mate insurance includes Attack by Moose under the "Act of God" clause.

I CAME TO Ulisse van Meadows for Canada Day because this is where Canada—where the idea of Canada—was forged. It began with a collision, a collage of cultures, a collage of continents. New World and Old, they first collided into each other at Ulisse van Meadows, at the northernmost of Canada's easternmost province.

The Vikings were here 500 years before Columbus ever set foot on the fog in 1492, a Norwegian trader named Björn Herjolfsen, en route to the Norse colony in Greenland, was swallowed whole by the fog. Pulled off course and caught in a deepening ocean current, his ship drifted southward. When the thick mist finally lifted, Björn caught a glimpse of a distant, unknown shore. His crew wanted to land, but Björn was a trader, not an explorer, and he sailed for Greenland instead.

Word spread. A new land, at the very edge of the world! Leif Erikson, son of Eric the Red, grew up hearing tales of Björn's discovery, and around the year 1000, Leif set sail with a single ship and 35 crew to find and explore this new found land.

Leif and his crew sailed west and soon landed at a barren coast, more likely Baffin Island, which they named Hílfaland (Half Stone Land). Tasting south, they came to

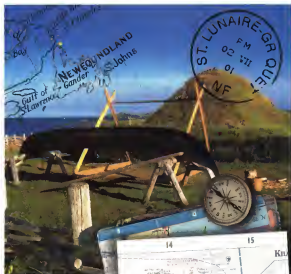
Freydis grabbed a fallen Norseman's sword and, ripping open her shirt, slapped the blade against her breasts. The Inuit attackers, speechless at the sight of this warrior woman, fell back.

the low-wooded shores of Labrador, which they dubbed Markland (Forest Land). And finally, after sailing south for two more days, they landed at a shallow bay with rolling grassy fields. When the men went ashore, they found a stream teeming with fish and fields ripe with wine berries. Leif named it Vinland (Wine Land).

Loading his ship up with timber, Leif Erikson returned to Greenland the following spring, and with that single voyage made both his fortune and his name. He would be known as "Leif the Lucky"—the first European ever to set foot in North America (the tall tales of Irish monks and ancient Phoenicians aside). And although Leif himself never went back to Vinland, others soon followed.

It was Leif's younger brother, Thorvald, who first made contact with the inhabitants of this New World. Thorvald and his men were exploring the coast when they came upon a small band of men asleep beside their boats. (The Norse referred to them as *skollings*. From the description of the boats and the men beside them, it would appear to me that the Vikings had run into an Inuit hunting party.) This was a pivotal moment, not just in Canadian history, but in the history of mankind as a whole. Spilling out of Africa, the human race had pushed north into Europe and east into Asia. The migration had crossed the Bering Strait and spread across North America. And now, on this windwept coast, the two sides had come full circle: It was a reunion as much as it was "first contact."

Also, like many a fairly reasonable, the meeting did not go well. The Vikings—being Vikings—immediately attacked, killing eight of the Inuit. One managed to escape, which was bad news for the Vikings because he came back with an armada of bayaks. A pitched battle ensued and although the Vikings managed to drive the Inuit off, an arrow hit Thorvald under the arm, fatally wounding him. He made a pitiful farewell



speech and then promptly died. And so ended the first meeting between the people of Europe and those of North America. It would set the tone of much that would follow.

A later, larger expedition ended in a full-scale war between the colonists and the aboriginals. Amid the bloody melee, Leif's half sister Freydis had grabbed up the sword of a fallen Norseman and, ripping open her shirt, had slapped the blade against her breasts. She stood her ground, ready to fight, and the Inuit warriors, speechless at the sight of this warrior woman, fell back.

Freydis, bare-breasted and defiant,

is a Viking icon. Never mind that other accounts of her voyage to Vinland end in a Viking civil war of sorts, with Freydis butchering a competing crew of Norse sailors (When her own brethren refused, Freydis herself killed the female prisoners With an axe.)

The die had been cast. Rejection of attacking attacks, the isolation and loneliness, and the creeping cold of a "Little Ice Age" helped doom the Vinland colonies. They faded into the myths of Icelandic sagas, half-forgotten and waiting rediscovery.

Fast forward to 1914. Using geographical clues in the ancient Norse Sagas (tales that mix folklore and fact), amateur

Newfoundland historian W. A. Mann traced the lost location of Leif's camp to a bay close to Ulisse van Meadows. Mann generally pinpointed the very spot. But it wasn't until the 1960s that an archaeological expedition was launched, led by the Norwegian. Inland and with most of Hilde Ingstad and Anne Storr.

At Ulisse van Meadows, in the shadow of the Labrador shore, grassy meadows were peeled back and a Viking village slowly emerged from the wet earth: living quarters, a boat shed, a blacksmith's anvil, a restricting of iron rods, a bronze cloak pin, a spinning wheel.

But was this Vinland? Wild grapes are

not found this far north. Were the Norsemen referring instead to the plump berries that grow in abundance at L'Anse aux Meadows, the currants and bilberries and jamaiberreries? The debate continues to rage, with much of it resting on the translation of the word "viti." But it soon clear, to me anyway, that L'Anse aux Meadows was almost certainly the location of Leif Ericson's encampment, the same site that was inhabited and expanded upon by later Norse colonists. It's just common sense: L'Anse aux Meadows was found by following clues in ancient sagas that outlined the voyage of Leif Ericson. Now, what are the odds, what are the statistical probabilities, that—in using these clues—archeologists would, by sheer coincidence, discover a completely different, previously unknown Viking site?

Keeping in mind that the sagas often condense and combine different journeys into one, might it not be possible that the grapes referred to were actually found during later explorations of that same voyage? The evidence is there. At L'Anse aux Meadows, buttresses were unearthed. So? So, buttresses don't grow in Newfoundland. They do, however, grow in eastern New Brunswick, which also happens to be the northern range of wild grapes at about the time Leif was setting sail, interesting, no?

All of this suggests that L'Anse aux Meadows operated as a base camp, a gate way to the heart of Vinland. Leif landed here and sent out scouting missions. He and his men spent almost a year in Vinland, with lots of time to probe the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We know they got as far as New Brunswick. We know that they found grapes. And we know that the Viking village at L'Anse aux Meadows was right where the sagas said it would be.

Was this where Leif Ericson first landed? Of course it is.

Today, a blue UN flag signals the world over the L'Anse aux Meadows excavation centre. Designated a World Heritage Site by UNESCO, L'Anse aux Meadows remains, to this day, the only authenticated Viking site in North America.

I FLEW IN TO THE TOWN of St. Anthony on June 30, across a barren landscape of stunted forests and gullclawed ferns. A

Translucent marble, Matterhorns on the move, the icebergs roll under the waves, they grind along the bottom of bays, they lurch to a dead stop, they melt themselves free

correlation once described the chthonian as "a dog that looks like it's still really far away." Newfoundland is like this. The small town's trees look like a forest that's "still really far away." Go for a hike in northern Newfoundland and you feel like the Friendly Giant, even the dog board houses, huddled in tents, look like miniatures. By the time you reach L'Anse aux Meadows, the trees have shrunk so small they have disappeared entirely, leaving a peaty, pruned bogland in their place.

This is Canada's Iceberg Alley, and in St. Anthony alone, there were seven icebergs anchored in the bay. Titanic-sinking, Northwest Passage-derailing, Group of Seven-begging amounts of ice, they drift in a calm, and procession down the coast. Icebergs, as I learned when I hired a boat to take me out, are not white. Far from it: they are blue on blue and veined with green. Translucent marble, Matterhorns on the move, they roll under the waves, they grind along the bottoms of bays, they lurch to a dead stop, they melt themselves free.

The man piloting the boat veered toward one, and we bob like a cork on updrafted waves as he grabs a long wooden sawyer net. He has come to collect 10,000-year-old ice cubes, the crumbling debris of icebergs scooped up and used by researchers to chill the drinks of tourists.

The captain of a boat this small can have a captain's room the size of a car. He has come to collect 10,000-year-old ice cubes, the crumbling debris of icebergs scooped up and used by researchers to chill the drinks of tourists.

And then, against the backdrop of icebergs, a whale breaks the surface, spouting a plume of foggy bad breath. It's a humpback, and it sits into the water, its

tail sticking up and in, like a hand waving goodbye. Like a hand beckoning you in.

The whale vanishes and then reappears on the other side of the boat, having cruised silently below us, a black shape in a power sea. That something so large could disappear with such ease.

The owner of the boat is a young man, but his face is as crumpled as old canvas. He grins, faces into the wind, as he turns his boat to shore, a harvest of ice in the hold.

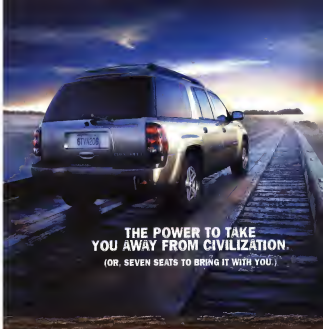
CANADA DAY at L'Anse aux Meadows. I have driven my semi-truck down to the sea—and damn near into it. A howling mist has blanketed the shore, erasing the line between land and water, and I turn on the brakes at the last minute, skidding to a halt. No matter I haul out my tripod and set up my camera.

A pale glow is growing along the horizon. *Sunrise* across L'Anse aux Meadows? My Canadian soul is stirring.

I load my film and check my settings, hardly noticing the way the mist is creeping in. Without a sound, the entire Atlantic Ocean disappears into a canvas fog. The landscape around me dissolves. It's getting brighter, but I can't find the sun—it's not even a hazy spotlight in the fog. Hell, it might as well have plucked my head into a sack of flour for all the view I have. Finally, I begin madly cranking off shots every which way, not even sure if I am pointed in the right direction. I take two steps toward shore, camera blazing, and can't find my tripod when I turn back. It's a sea of soup, the land that swallowed Norm.

Shivering wet and dripping with condensation, I am huddled on the shore, waiting for the fog to burn away. I can hear the waves, but I cannot see them. And I think of whales sliding just below the surface. I think of icebergs, nine tenths unseen. I think of villages that lie in silence for a thousand years, hidden in old fog. I think of a history that runs deep, like ocean currents in a northern sea.

Will Ferguson is the author of *Canadian History for Dummies*, which won the 2001 *Canadian Authors Association Award for History*. He is also on the *board of the Historic Foundation of Canada*, a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting Canadian history.



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Remembering Dubya

He seemed a natural leader even while at Yale

LIKE HIM OR NOT, it is increasingly difficult to remember the presidential candidate George W. Bush, whose effeminate speech and befuddled body language made him such an amusing target to Will Ferrell and the gang at *Saturday Night Live*. Quite simply, the months since Sept. 11 were a smorgasbord of one presidential moment after another. And although there have been stirrles since, over the Middle East file and questions about who knew what and when concerning possible

terrorist attacks, his transformation is all remarkable, especially when I conjure up the image of the first time I laid eyes on the man who would become the 43rd president of the United States. It was 3½ decades ago, and at that very moment, he was modelling the combs of the postpart at one end of Palmer Stadium in New Jersey, celebrating the Yale Bulldogs' 29-7 triumph over the Princeton Tigers to win the Ivy League football championship. George Bush—he didn't seem to use the

"To the G students, I say you too can be president of the United States!"

"G" in those days—was leading a crowd of exultant Yalies at the singing of "Bulldog, Bulldog, Bow Wow Wow," the school fight song penned by an alumnus named Cole Porter. Class of 1913. Bush was also cohering all of us to help him see the goal post down to see what each take home a piece of Yale football history.

When the Princeton police arrived on the scene, they clearly had no intention of allowing such blatant distraction of university property. They snatched up, hauled the future leader of the free world down from his perch and dragged him off the field. School legend has it that he was told charges would be dropped if he got out of Princeton by sundown.

That was November of 1967. Across America, the winds of change were howling everywhere, even at Ivy League universities. And in its way, George Bush and I were examples of the old and the new. He was a 21-year-old senior, a jump school graduate, the latest generation of an established Yale family—grandson of a former U.S. senator, son of a then-congressman destined to one day occupy the White House himself. I, on the other hand, was an obscure freshman football player from Canada, a scholarship kid who'd essentially oblivion to the fact that someone's blood could be blue.

But George Bush and I found a common ground. It was the fraternity named Delta Kappa Epsilon, though most Yalies just called it Delta. I was not by nature a joiner, but I knew almost immediately that this was a place to which I wanted to belong. Perhaps it was because of the fraternity house itself, a handsome brick building in the geographical heart of Yale. Maybe it was because I was an athlete and Delta's membership included many of the university's sporting elite, among them swimmer Don Schollander, winner of four gold medals at the 1964 Olympics, and Calvin Hill, who in 1968 would become the first-round draft pick of the Dallas Cowboys. Or, I suppose, I might have wanted to join simply because Delta maintained the best bar in New Haven. At I was only 18, I got the math and realized that unless I flunked a year or two, I wouldn't

likely to get a legal drink anywhere else before graduation.

And when I first found myself in that heady place, who was Delta's president? None other than George Bush. Back then, Yale fraternities were not accidental, which meant Delta was primarily a social club. And Bush was its heart and soul. As president, he was the one responsible for upholding Delta's century-old objectives (always capitalized for emphasis in fraternity literature): "fraternal excellence, honest friendship, gentlemanly self-respect and liberality in all circumstances." Another long-standing tradition, of course, was being—supposedly for emphasis as here by me. Distractions have pointed to a Bush quote, years later, that he couldn't "remember any kind of business" ruling his time at Yale, though the war in Vietnam was then spiralling out of control and there were two men just a few blocks from the Delta house in New Haven.

As occasionally bombastic as Delta might have been, it was understood that if a member got belligerently drunk or made a recklessly insensitive remark or threatened to get physical with a girlfriend, it would likely be George Bush who would pull him aside and let him know he was out of line. It is true, of course, that Bush himself was arrested one December night trying to make off with an untethered holiday wreath from outside Macy's department store in downtown New Haven. But hey, it was Christmas.

I also remember that in the time we were at Yale together, George Bush seemed to be a natural leader. Though he was neither an outstanding scholar nor a star athlete, he was one of the best known and best-liked students on the campus. Larry Davis, a fellow Delta member who went on to serve as the Clinton White House and support Al Gore for president, nonetheless remembers Bush as "quick-witted, witty, especially smart about judging and understanding people."

Though Yale students weren't able to formally join a fraternity until their second year, a number of us were invited to Delta on a semi-regular basis as freshmen, getting to know members while—more on the pre-grad-day get-to-know us. All the while, there were frequent allusions to initiation night and the secret rituals that

would be revealed to us only then. When we dared to ask if those rites somehow involved the large, menacing branding iron with the letters "DKS" that hung over the fireplace, we got only silence and smiles.

But then came the morning when the Yale Daily News confirmed our darkest fears. The bad news, the school paper's investigation revealed, was that there was indeed branding at Yale. The good news was that though the branding iron, glowing red-hot, was menacingly displayed during the initiation ceremony, it was actually the tip of a heated iron banger kept out of sight that made contact with bare flesh. Simultaneously, the large brand was plunged into a bucket of cold water to produce a blood-curdling wail. When the *New York Times* picked up the story, George Bush faced his first presidential crisis. He went into damage-control mode, describing the resultant burns as "unfortunate," little more than a cigarette burn. "I can't understand," he was quoted as saying, "how the authors of the article can be so thoughtless to allow this type of offending to go on at Yale."

Last May, George W. Bush returned to Yale to deliver the commencement address and to reflect upon his own college career. The President acknowledged that his path of accidental discovery was not always rigorous one, that there were professors who likely didn't remember him as a student and that there were, in fact, some times at Yale he couldn't remember either. Bush told the graduates: "To those of you who received honors, awards and distinctions, I say, well done. And to the G students, I say you too can be president of the United States."

But then he gave the Class of 2001 another, more philosophical message: that an academic degree is not the most important thing to be gained in life. "What matters most," he said, "are the standards you live by, the convictions you show others and the way you use the gifts you've given." At the time, that sounded like almost true advice delivered by a former G student. Now, it all sounds quite different. ■

Bob McKown, originally from Ottawa, is a New York City-based correspondent on NBC's *Saturday Night*.

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LOST—AND FOUND

When my father died, I wasn't even sure I'd go to the funeral. It's lucky I did.

IT ALL STARTED with a phone call from my Uncle John in Regina last January, notifying me of my father's death. My father had been estranged, for lack of a better term, from my immediate family for over 40 years.

I had only been in contact with him twice over the intervening years since my mother's separation, which happened when I, the youngest of four kids, was just one and a half. The first time came when my wife and I traveled through Western Canada visiting friends and relatives in the summer of 1990. We arrived unannounced in his small Saskatchewan town, population around 100 or so at that time. I stopped a man on the street for directions and he pointed out my grandparents' trailer across the street.

We were warmly greeted by my father's parents. While we were visiting, my grandfather looked out the window, jumped up and said there was somebody he thought I should meet. He moved out the door and came back with the man who had given us directions. My grandfather then introduced me to my father.

It was a brief and awkward meeting for both of us. We'd had no contact for almost two decades. I didn't really have much to say and neither did he.

The following year, the younger of my two sisters and her infant son were killed when their vehicle was hit head-on by a drunk driver. My father phoned and spoke to my mom but he was unable to attend the funeral service.

My second and final meeting with him was at his own father's funeral in the summer of 1986. At the reception after the service, my mother brought him over to speak with my sister and me. That was it: 15 minutes of conversation in 40 years.

After being notified of my father's death, I was uncertain about whether to attend the funeral. I spoke with my mother, my brother and my sister—as one also planned

to go. On the day before I had to leave, I was still undecided. My two daughters had both recently done some family tree assignments at school and they had wondered why we had no contact with my father and his side of the family. I had been intending to follow up my family history for years and that presented an opportunity. I also felt that someone from my family, distant and out of touch as we were, should attend my father's funeral. I booked my flight from Vancouver.

I arrived the afternoon before the service and was staying at my uncle's when he received a phone call. On hanging up, he told me my father had a daughter from another relationship and that she called had been my younger half-sister, Cheryl. She wanted to know if it was all right for her to attend the funeral. I told my uncle that I'd honestly like to meet her. I spoke that evening gathering some pieces of my family puzzle.

The day of the service I was looking forward to meeting my father's family again, and especially this new sibling. I was truly

a stranger to a stranger's funeral. Yet the nurse Cheryl walked in with her husband and son. I know who she was. After we were introduced, one of her first questions was what kind of relationship I had had with our father. It turned out that this chapter of our life stories was almost identical. Our father had loved both our lives when we were still toddlers. Different place, different name, same soul.

After the ceremony, I sat with Cheryl and her family and we talked about our lives. She had been in touch with our father for a while as an adult. He had told her that four other siblings existed, but she had no details and confused to being confused about who was who. All four of our names start with D—Deborah, Daniel, Debra and Donald. I wrote out my family's names, birthdates and other information on the only available paper, a napkin. During this brief time together I realized I wanted to continue this relationship.

Over the next several weeks, Cheryl and I exchanged e-mails, phone calls, family pictures and other information. That connected my mom, sister and brother to give them the good-news part of the story. None of them had any idea that Cheryl existed, but they were all receptive to her contact again.

A month after our first meeting, Cheryl told me she wanted to come out and spend some time with this new family. She felt strongly it was something she had to do, and I couldn't say no. I was a little apprehensive about what we would do to fill the time.

Aunt Cheryl arrived and was an instant hit at my house. We went to Vancouver Island to visit my mom and sister and again she settled in as a regular part of the family. The rest of the visit flew by. Cheryl and I literally exchanged a lifetime of information in those six days. I have since learned that relatives of long-lost spouses don't always go well and some are abrupt behaviors. For me, the risk has been for us weighed by the reward. I lost a father I never really had and I gained a sister who has become more a part of my life in this short time than he had been in four decades. Go figure. 

Donald McClellan is a management accountant at the Vancouver suburbs of New Westminster. Cheryl works as a communications coordinator in Regina. To comment on this story or to learn more



If You Own or Operate a Commercial, Residential or Public Building Constructed With Asbestos-Containing Products or Have Other Claims Against W. R. Grace

Your Claims Must Be Filed By March 31, 2003

W. R. Grace, its predecessors, subsidiaries, and other related entities ("Grace") have filed for protection under Chapter 11 of the U.S. Bankruptcy Code. The Bankruptcy Court has ordered that all individuals and entities with Asbestos Property Damage Claims or certain Other Claims against Grace must file these claims on or before March 31, 2003 ("Bar Date").

Who is Affected by this Notice?

Asbestos Property Damage Claimants
Individuals and entities that own or manage commercial, public and high-rise residential buildings that have asbestos-containing products may be affected including schools, hotels, government buildings, theaters, airports, churches, and other public facilities.

Asbestos Property Damage Claims include, among other claims, the cost of removal, the diminution of property value or economic loss, etc., caused by asbestos in products manufactured by Grace or from vermiculite mined, milled, processed, or sold by Grace.

Other Claimants
Other Claimants include individuals and entities with claims other than Asbestos Personal Injury Claims. These include general unsecured trade claims, contract claims, environmental claims, and Medical Monitoring Claims which allege no current personal injury, but significant exposure to Grace asbestos or vermiculite products requiring the claimant to be examined medically or tested to detect possible future injury.

How do I file a Claim?

To preserve your claim, you must file the appropriate Proof of Claim Form with the Claims Agent so that it is received by March 31, 2003. Failure to file a Proof of Claim Form by the Bar Date may result in your claim not being considered for payment.

This is a Summary Notice only. For complete information including the Claims Bar Date Notice, Proof of Claim forms, instructions for filing a claim, a list of Grace asbestos-containing products, and a list of Grace entities write to: Claims Agent, Re: W. R. Grace & Co. Bankruptcy, P. O. Box 1620, Fairbault, MN 55021-1620, or call:

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The Greatest Outdoor Show

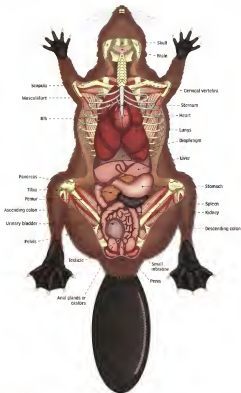
Over the years, the Stampede has brought Calgary 'Christmas in July'

ROD WARREN REMEMBERS vividly the first time he competed professionally at the Calgary Stampede. It was 1989 and Warren, a 21-year-old greenhorn from Valleyview, found himself in the company of riders he had idolized while growing up. "It was pretty amazing," recalls Warren. "There were all these world and Canadian champions, and so much history and tradition about the place." Warren, now 34, is the reigning Canadian All Around

Champion (his events are saddle bronc riding and steer wrestling) and spends up to 30 months of the year travelling the North American rodeo circuit, from southern Florida to northern Alberta. He competes in about 160 rodeos, but the Stampede remains his favourite. "Calgary brings together the ropers and the up riders," says Warren. "It's the best rodeo you're going to see."

It was over this The Calgary Stampede, which marks its 90th anniversary on July 5,

has always been in a league of its own. When it began in 1912, 25,000 spectators (the population of Calgary was only 45,000 at the time) crowded around an oval arena at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers to watch more than 150 competitors from Western Canada and the United States vie for a piece of the largest rodeo prize ever offered—\$20,000 in gold. The crowd witnessed a pageant of bronc busting, calf roping and steer wrestling, the likes of which had never



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before been assembled. From the outset, the event bore a beautiful brand: "The Greatest Outdoor Show On Earth."

The man who gave it that moniker was a dapper gentleman by the name of Guy Woodick. Born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1885, Woodick fell in love with the romance of the range and, at 16, left home and cowboied his way west to Montana. Along the way, he experienced some of the earliest rodeos, which turned essential ranching skills such as breaking wild horses to the saddle, roping cattle and rounding up steers into a sporting spectacle. Some of the events also found their way into the flashy Wild West shows put on by the likes of William "Buffalo Bill" Cody for the amusement of city slickers across North America and Europe.

Woodick joined the Wild West show circuit, where he met his future wife, Grace Rossell, a trick rope rider who performed under the name of Flora LaDue. Together, they toured the vaudeville halls and circuses of England, continental Europe, Russia—and, finally, Western Canada. After arriving in Calgary in the spring of 1912, Woodick proposed staging a tribute to the rapidly disappearing cowboy life. His goal: to recreate a frontier arena where the glitz and show of the Wild West shows the programs Woodick convinced Calgary cattle barons George Lane, Alfred Cross, Archie McLean and Patrick Burns (soon to be known as "The Big Four") to each plunk down \$25,000 to turn his dream into reality.

Using cameras generated through years of travel, Woodick put out the word that Calgary was staging a world-class rodeo extravaganza. At the time, the city was a study in contrasts: The then engineering hub of the West, one of the tallest buildings was of Toronto, was taking shape while just a few blocks away Indians camped in teepees and cowboys rode their horses down Eighth Avenue. Since there were no highways into the city, many Stampede visitors arrived on horseback and by foot. Thousands of people fared as far away as Winnipeg took advantage of discounted "Stampede trains" put on by the Canadian Pacific Railway to take in the six days of festivities. After local hotels reached their capacity, tent cities sprung up on river banks and in vacant lots.

The success of the first Stampede helped



Guy Woodick, with his trick rope rider wife Flora LaDue (above), became a cowboy of 36 who eventually founded the Stampede. In 1912, Woodick persuaded four Calgary cattlemen (on the inaugural program cover, right) to finance the first show.

turn it into an annual event. In 1923, the rodeo merged with the Calgary Industrial Exhibition, an annual agricultural fair dating back to 1886, and Woodick was elected several new wrinkles that have since become part of the Stampede fabric. He encouraged local businesses to erect hitching posts and other frontier features, convinced ordinary Canadians to dress up in cowboy garb, and launched the new discipline parade float. But perhaps the most inspired idea of all was the chuckwagon race, a contest Woodick believed would be "the greatest race



since the guy Ben Hur ran his carriage."

Chuckwagons—converted army supply wagons outfitted with a cook's stove and water barrel—were an integral part of the faded cattle drives of the late 19th century. Cross leading back from roundups often used their daunting chores for the last half mile into town. The door of the nearest saloon marked the finish line and the losers trotted the winners in a round of drinks. Woodick's version had evolved into a highly spectacle of sure hooves of horse-drawn wagons and scurrying cheering around a track—often referred to as "the half mile of hell"—on a permit of championship rodeo and a prize purse totaling \$600,000. The line that analogy is apt regarding the track's harshest curves in such a crowded field is evidenced by only business which, since the 1950s, has seen horrific crashes along the lines of those competitors and several horses. It remains the Stampede's most popular and controversial single event.

Woodick ran the Stampede until 1932 when he had a better selling out over cash to prize money. As the closing ceremony that year, Woodick, who had been drinking, fellowed in the crowd. "I put on your first Stampede and I just got on your last." Subsequently fired, Woodick sued for wrongful dismissal—and won. The judge, ruling that drinking was a part of his job as a promoter, awarded Woodick six months salary and legal costs. But

Chuckwagon racing, at which three people have died in the past 50 years, remains the Stampede's most popular event.

Woodick remained estranged from the Stampede until 1952 when he rode in the annual parade in an honored guest. He died a year later and was buried in High River, Alta., where his modest grave marker reads "Guy George Woodick, founder of the Calgary Stampede and legend of the adopted west."

There is nothing modest, though, about Woodick's legacy. Dubbed "Climaxus in July" by grateful city members, the Stampede has grown into a 10-day blow-out which attracts more than 1.2 million people and last year pumped more than \$140 million into the local economy. In a city known for its diverse corporate culture, Stampede is a time when employees are encouraged to unleash their work and indulge in an all-day bacchanal at a seemingly endless round of barbecues, lunchboxes and late-night parties where booze flows freely and two-step country music is inescapable. None of this, of course, has much to do with what Woodick set out to create nine decades ago. Even so, the thousands who gather for the afternoon rodeo and evening chuckwagon races are given a glimpse of the Wild West that Woodick so cherished. At times like this, the Greatest Outdoor Show On Earth still lives up to its billing. **B**

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History >

allowance. For the most, the 20 tents solidified their belief they were working in three camps. While authorities prohibited any attempts to form unions, the harsh lifestyle ironically gave organizations like the Communist Party of Canada a captive and receptive audience. "These men were just like any of us," says Bill Waiser, author of *Punk Protesters*, a book about how Canada's national parks were used as work camps. "They wanted jobs, they wanted a home and a family. Putting the men in camps, you focus their discontent. Then on one of the occasions you say, 'You're being exploited.'"

Still a proponent of the Communist Party, 94-year-old Robert "Doc" Savage of Quebec, B.C., can't recall who came up with the idea to take their demands to Bennett's desk in Ottawa. Savage simply remembers organizing 400 men on the morning of June 3, 1935, and leading them—along with more than 1,000 others—onto the busses and out of Vancouver's rail yard singing the union hymn *Hold the fort, for we are coming*. "Once we're strong, side by side we battle onward. Victory will come. We were joyous," says Geddes who grew up in Calgary but now lives in White Rock, B.C. "We were going to Ottawa and we were going to lay our problems at the feet of K.B. Bennett."

People along the way prepared a welcome at nearly every stop. The local poets called the men "our boys" and women, who identified with their causes, gently embraced them. And at most stops, some single unemployed men joined onto the busses and joined the journey.

Ottawa belived the protest would run out of steam before the mountains. But when the men descended from the Rockies into Calgary, Bennett's home sitting, the prime minister prepared for a confrontation. Unwilling to risk the political fallout of a Calgary showdown, Bennett decided to draw the line in Regina. On June 14, the 50-car freight rolled into the Queen City.

After the marchers disembarked to stretch their legs, Bennett banned them from getting back on. Stalling for time in the hope the rock would fade into passivity, the prime minister instead a contingent of soldiers, including Savage, to meet with him in Ottawa. Eight of the leaders sat down with Bennett for an hour on June 22, but the tone of the meeting was bel-



One policeman died and more than 100 people were injured during the riot in Market Square.

ligerent and ended in bitter failure.

Returning to Regina, Savage and the leaders faced new challenges. Their transportation had been cut off, the exits to the city blocked and rumours surfaced that a relief camp was being prepared to house them all. Recognizing defeat, the rock leaders promised to disband provided they could leave Regina. The RCMP refused, insisting the only place the 2,000 men were going was to a specially prepared camp in Lumsden, 25 km northwest of Regina.

On July 1, after hours of bitter discussions with local officials, the march leaders called a meeting. That evening, between 1,500 and 2,000 people filled Regina's Market Square. Most, though, were townsfolk with their families observing the rock drama on the holiday Monday. As for the marchers, most of them were watching a baseball game in another part of the city. More than 300 RCMP dressed in riot gear were concealed in large meeting vans parked on three sides of the square, with another 50 nearby on horses. Dozens of local police waited in a garage right off the square.

As one of the leaders took the stage and began to speak, a whistle blew. Using baseball bats and billy clubs, the police walked into the crowd. "They opened the door and out they came beating the hell out of us," remembers Geddes. "They chased us all over town." RCMP threw teargas into Market Square to break up the crowd and the riot spilled into adjoining streets. A pitched battle raged for more than three hours. At one point, several people set upon a plain-dressed policeman and beat him to death. Late into the night, as about 300 marchers gathered a small group of

police, the commanding officer ordered his men to fire over the crowd's heads. Seventeen people were wounded, including five Regina residents. By morning, among the more than 100 people sent to hospital were 40 police. "The amount of people I saw with their heads bloodied was terrible, really terrible," recalls Geddes.

The march had been crushed and some of its leaders arrested. But the severity of the riot shattered both protesters and government. The rioters were allowed to return home or to the B.C. relief camps. Bennett, blaming the riot on communist agitation, endorsed an inquiry that white washed the authorities of any wrongdoing. According to Waiser, a University of Saskatchewan history professor, "It isn't a worst police-provoked riot. They staged a peaceful meeting and the people fought back."

Bennett, however, did not escape the fallout. In the federal election campaign three months after the Regina Riot, the prime minister promised radical reforms, including health and employment insurance as well as a minimum wage. But it was too late. In October, 1933, William Lyon Mackenzie King soundly defeated Bennett.

Less than a year later, a federal investigation concluded that maintaining the relief camps was no longer "in the best interests of the state." After housing 170,000 men over 1½ years, they were closed. But for many of the hapless men who lived in them and took part in the protest, the rock had provided a purpose. "We were pretty militant, but we had a reason to be," says Llewellyn. "If you were going hungry in the richest country in the world you would have done it too."



EVERY YEAR, CANADA becomes more multicultural, more concentrated in its largest cities, further from its rural past. According to the census, that is, you'd be hard-pressed to know it. Book Canadian literature. To a remarkable extent, our stories are still rooted in that past, in smaller communities and dominant cultures. That's true for major works from major writers—consider *Clea* by Richard Wright, the novel of 2001—as well as for fiction by newcomers. Among recent works from less established authors, the runaway hit is Mary Lawson's *Crow Lake*, set in an isolated farming settlement in northern Ontario. Other heralded books include *Saved at Big Harbour* by Lynn Coody (Cape Breton Island), Lisa Moore's

UNFORGOTTEN COUNTRY

New Canadian fiction still draws from a past quickly fading into myth

Open (St. John's) and—an exception that proves the rule—Nancy Lee's *Dead Girls* (Vancouver). Canadians love literary fiction—our best-seller lists reveal a demand for it scarcely matched elsewhere—and we love it best small-scale but mythic, set in hard times or hard places.

A mythic feel is one key to the success of

Crow Lake (Knopf). Another is that Lawson, 36, who has lived in England since 1968, is an immigrant writer who spent years on it. The fruit of her efforts is a mesmerizing read. It's narrated, in past and present tenses, by Kate Morrison, a 36-year-old University of Toronto sociology professor who has fallen in love with a colleague. That unscripted emotional awakening, the first of her adult life, combines with an invitation to her nephew's 18th-birthday party in *Crow Lake* to force Kate to re-examine troubled memories. Her parents died 19 years earlier, their car crushed by a logging truck. They had been out shopping for a suitcase for their oldest child, 19-year-old Luke, to take to teachers' college. The first Morrison children—



Lawson (left) combines a simple tale with immense narrative power, while Coody taps into the rich vein of East Coast storytelling tradition

Luke, 17-year-old Matt, seven-year-old Kate and toddlers Bo—are grief-stricken, close to parentless and faced with breaking up the family among several equally hard-pressed relatives.

Luke, who never really cared much about becoming a teacher, simply teaches goats and decides to stay in *Crow Lake*, working at whatever he can to support the younger children. He decides that Matt, the real brat of the Morrises, will have the honour of being the first of the hard-scrabble farming family to achieve a high er education. By keeping the children together, Luke's plan rescues Kate from the edge of a breakdown. Matt is the one who has always made her feel safe and

protected, the one who takes her to the pond near their home where, in a foretaste of her adult career, they spend hours examining its tiny life. But Matt is also the one who unravels dramatically and never escapes the farm—a microcosm of his potential in Kate's eyes.

Crow Lake is the sort of novel often described as "deceptively simple" to explain its appeal. Except there's no sleight of hand at all, no ironic current running under its surface. *Crow Lake* really is as simple as it looks, a tale of small hopes and failures—nicely balanced with the macroscopic creatures that so fascinate Kate—which comes to a far from graceful, though satisfactory, denouement at the

birthday party. The characters are more likable than compelling, save the malish, forceful mature Bo, but an 18-month-old does not a novel make. The northern setting is mythically anachronistic, often more reminiscent of the 1880s than the 1980s (Government involvement in the orphanage lives is impossibly minimal, and the cultural milieu—Presbyterian, with occasional exotic touches supplied by the more emotional Protestant sects—is pure *Sandwich Stories of a Little Town*).

Those flaws, though, only make Lawson's achievement all the more impressive. Of the annual newdata must weave together—myth, language, structure, character, setting—*Crow Lake*



shows strong evidence only of the first two. But Lawson's narrative gift, noted in quiet, unobtrusive prose that never distracts from the story, is so immense that it overwhelms everything else. Her novel's word of mouth success is a tribute to the power of old-fashioned storytelling.

Lisa Moore's *Open* (Anansi) is stylistically a mirror opposite. Far from the wordless and unobtrusive narrative that Lawson provides, in her novel Moore, 36, offers the disjointed narrative, when dubious thoughts or feelings are captured while no one else notices what's going on. Her female protagonists have a lot of trouble with men, but they're not anti-male. One woman, in fact, is almost paralyzed by grief, achingly but effectively conveyed by the writer, for her dead husband. Now are the men evil or insensitive? But they are, eventually speaking, thick as bricks—at least in comparison to the women, who notice everything. And they all do this nothing, this obsessive collec-

tion of movement and colour (it comes to no surprise to learn Moore used to work as an art critic), in pursuit of something they know is transient by its nature.

"There's no way," concludes a mother watching her daughter absorbed in play, "to keep this moment in the present."

Moore's talent is staggering, her images arresting, her dialogue, particularly between men and women, needle-to-the-eye sharp. (A wife in a troubled marriage to her husband: "From now on, if I say I love you, I'm speaking out of habit.") There isn't a weak story in the book, while *The Way the Light Is* and *Melody* are gone. *Open*, Moore's second short-story collection, signals a major new presence in Canadian literature.

The linked short stories in Nancy Lee's *Dead Girls* (McClelland & Stewart) are more easily visualized as novel-in-story. Lee, 31, is thoroughly modern, and

her writing is set in the gritty here and now of Vancouver. E-mail plays a large role in "Associated Press," a tale of false intimacy created by advanced communications. The narrator is torn between a journalist lover, who reports from the Third World on human rights atrocities, and a local boy, who plays S/M games with her. She feels the can't cope with the reporter's social conscience, and responds to his e-mailed photos of mass graves with shots of "local atrocities" like a "retirement cake in the shape of Inuvik." But the problem doesn't lie in his politics—in the end, as always, it's distance that kills.

The entire collection is haunted by absence, by the dozens of women who have gone missing from the city's Downtown Eastside, though the pieces were written before the recent discoveries at a Port Coquitlam pig farm. In the title story, a mother and father are almost destroyed by losing their daughter to drugs and prostitution, and soon, they fear, to death. Lee's stories can be disarming, yet they are redeemed by a humaneness in her writing, a sympathetically imagined depletion of hope and despair.

Lynn Coody, 32, is another Vancouver writer, but her imagination still dwells in the Cape Breton island of her childhood. She too is a rising Canadian star whose first novel, *Strange Harvest*, was shortlisted for a Governor General's Award in 1998. She's back there again with *Salt of Big Harbour* (Doubleday), tapping into the rich vein of East Coast storytelling tradition with its quirky rhythms and dry humour. A tragicomic tale of small-town and pathetic adults set in 1982, *Salt* focuses characters who embody an array of stiffened Mainlander stereotypes that would appall even Stephen Hanger.

Alcohol, and the violence it provokes, is the threat that concerns almost everyone. But Coody effectively uses her two main characters, a fatherless 16-year-old named Guy Boycher and his uncle Budore Anson—a black hole of selfishness who destroys everyone around him—to subvert all the clichés. Hard-baked Guy, bewitched by girls, savagely mistreated by his uncle and pursued by a false charge of sexual assault, rambles into every pitfall imaginable. But he keeps trying in a world where everyone else has given up, and his courage brings *Salt* to a hopeful end. **B**



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PREMEDITATION POLICE

Spielberg and Cruise team up for an Orwellian tale of oracles and murder

SPIELBERG AND CRUISE. They're the biggest mogul and the brightest star in the Hollywood universe. And in a sense, they're both orphan children of the late American director Stanley Kubrick. It was Kubrick who held Cruise captive on the set of *Eyes Wide Shut* in England for almost two years, and Kubrick who infected Spielberg with the script virus that replicated into *AI: Artificial Intelligence*. Both movies were mixed blessings, and could be viewed as the expatriate director's final revenge on Hollywood. Now, as if still under his spell, and in a kind of mental recovery program, Cruise and Spielberg join forces for the first time to make *Memento* Agent, a futuristic thriller with a Kubrick twist.

The movie is loosely based on a 1956 short story by science fiction legend Philip K. Dick, whose work has spawned films such as *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall*. Spielberg has described *Memento Agent* as his attempt at film noir, and from the filmmaker with the most elaborate Peter Pan complex on the planet, it certainly marks a shift in mood. Spielberg has curbed his sentimental excesses, though not entirely, to create a film of stark surfaces, with much of the colour drained from the footage. In fact, this vision of the future is so bleached that it's not so much film noir as film blanc.

Meanwhile, after an awkward patch, Cruise has found a role that fits. As a grunting voyeur in *Eyes Wide Shut*, he was required to spend long weeks in emotional limbo, something he doesn't do well in. *Memento Agent*, which unfolds like a sci-fi version of *The Gatsby*, allows Cruise to do what he does best—play an intensely focused man on the run, a human reactor in a tight-wound plot. And perhaps because Spielberg is powerful enough to

stand up to him, his performance is more contained than usual.

It's the year 2034 in Washington, D.C. Murder has been eliminated from the city. John Anderson (Cruise) heads up the justice department's "Pre-Crime" unit, which arrests culprits before they kill. He presides over a trio of "Pre-Cops," underlings who float in a liquid suspension chamber, and whose dreams are downloaded in visual imagery. Like a symphony conductor, Anderson stands before a parabolic screen and manipulates the images with fingertip sensors. Once he locates the time and place of the future murder, aerial arm croppers sweep down on the would-be perpetrator. Anderson, who lost his own son to a violent crime, believes pre-crime justice is infallible—and it predicts that he will murder a stranger in 36 hours. Suddenly, he's a fugitive from his own system. As he tries to evade capture, and prove his innocence, his only hope lies in the twisted psyche of a wall-kick pre-cop named Agent X (Samantha Morton).

The movie depicts an Orwellian police

state of wall-to-wall surveillance, an atomized city where everyone is monitored by neural scans. Interactive billboards recognize consumers and address them by name. In a Gap store, a hologram greeter cheerily reminds the customer of what he last purchased—not so far-fetched when you consider how computers currently stalk consumers through cyberspace. But to crutch a satire of consumer culture in blatant product placements (the Gap, Nokia, Lexus) seems disingenuous, to say the least.

It seems Spielberg wants to have it all in a bid for artistic credibility, he shows glimmers of David Lynch and even David Cronenberg—a creepy scene of a back alley surgeon (Peter Sarsgaard) doing an eye transplant recalls Willem Dafoe's visceral shockscapes in *Antwone*. Then there are flashes of cold terror worthy of Hitchcock and Bergman, notably one spine-shivering scene with Morton. But Spielberg's taste child keeps breasting the zone. He indulges in silly, outrageous chase scenes involving cops with jet packs. And like a dutiful parent, the script needs to spell out the obvious. It also cribbishes Dick's story with the dead-child scenario (ditto Spielberg) and reverses the intent of his ending. Weighing in at 145 minutes, *Memento Agent* is one fat film more—from a showman who can't take his eye off the money still, it's gripping stuff. Kubrick would be proud.



Cruise (with Morton) finds his first agent playing an intensely focused man on the run

"I feel different now—today, I'm thinking of going places": VANCOUVER, JUNE 12

In a Vancouver courtroom, at 2 p.m., 80 people from 16 nations simultaneously recited the Oath of Citizenship. Among them was Shahn Hoshkroshah, 23, whose father, Ali, and mother, Marzi Hamed, own a downtown deli.

I AM FROM THE SOUTH OF IRAN. We came to Canada in 1997. My parents were thinking of moving to some other place for so long. They had cousins here—they talked to them and that's how they decided to come to Canada. Everything they were looking for was in Canada.

I was nervous because I was moving without knowing what to expect. It was a big change, but I am happy now. At the beginning, yes, the language was hard. I could not watch TV. I could not answer the phone. I could not talk to anyone. I was in school and then I left to get married in Iran. While I was gone my parents became citizens. I'm going back to school soon to study business management.

My husband is waiting for his visa. Hopefully it will not be longer than a few months. In Iran he is an engineer of agricultural biogenetics. I am waiting for him

to come to Canada and then we can start our new life. We haven't married it as other people do after they get married—we did not make our home. That is my next step in life. I'm going to finish my studies and then apply for a job. At the deli? No, they don't pay good.

I feel different now. I like to travel and I know with my Canadian passport I can travel almost anywhere in the world. I want. That's a good feeling I have. I know I can vote now, but I'm not thinking about that. Not today. Today, I'm thinking of going places.



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CLOSINGNOTES



PEOPLE | 96

But aren't you Gerald Eaton?
What you find instead is a...
Eaton's rockstar...
shades might just...
surprise you



LIFE | 98

Jumping through hoops
Looking for a new way to get fit, Michael...
writer Amy Carls...
two hours of...
hoops and...
shades might just...
surprise you



Listings | Festival time

Lokator Festival
June 28-July 7
3rd/4th floors
concerts...
other...
who can't...
festivals in the...
time, using...
but there...
Shedak, \$18

Gold Planning
Chauhan...
July 1
Lackington...
holiday...
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North...
and...
placem...
Gibson City, Yabon

Festival International
Muller...
July 11-22
Laurie...
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about...
back...
and...
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of...
Muller

Monika Dey
July 18-22
17th...
New...
victims...
The...
World...
a...
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to...
the...
famous...
Dey



Lumberjack Heritage
Festival, July 29-30
Besides...
the...
this...
Back...
and...
James...
pro...
the...
Lumberjack...
Ont.

People | The first black man to wear the crimson serge

Like any old, Herby Gosselin liked the RCMP's blazer and uniform. And by the time the Saint John, N.B., native was in his last year of high school, he was determined to become a Mountie. But it was 1968, and in its 85-year history, the RCMP had never accepted a black man into its ranks. As a racial icon, Gosselin knew the odds were against him.

"Everyone told me there was no such thing as a black Mountie," says Gosselin, now 32 and a fraud investigator with Human Resources Development Canada in Edmonton. "I just didn't believe it."

With help from a member of the local Royal Canadian Legion and a RCMP duty officer, Gosselin put in his application. "I've been odd there were applied

people in the '60s whose philosophy was, 'Let a black-owned person apply but make sure they're not successful.' " Yet, Gosselin was "often wonder," he says, "if my application was submitted by the fact that I was half white, I lived in a white neighborhood and my sponsor was a white, well-respected businessman."

Despite some name-calling and many cautions, Gosselin says, his nine-year career was free of any major problems. Last month, he was the guest of honour at an event for black RCMP officers held in Winnipeg, N.S. In the company of dozens of black Mounties, he broke down. "It was an incredible, gratifying experience." But there's a long way to go. Out of the 15,000 regular members of the RCMP, only about 200 are black. "When we lose colour," he says, "then we'll be making progress."

For Gosselin Gosselin, 1985, there was some-calling and career stress

RCMP INFORMATION

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People | Hey, it's the guy from the Philosopher Kings

At first Jarvis Church seems a bit pretentious. He introduces himself as Jarvis, even though up until this point in his music career—as lead singer of the Philosopher Kings—he's gone by his real name, Gerald Eaton. And while discussing his debut solo CD, *Shake It Off*, he talks about his "art" and "growing as an artist."

But behind the rockstar shades is an outgoing guy—born in Jamaica, the youngest of five siblings, has a political science degree and co-produced Nelly Furtado's award-winning debut CD, *Wish*. Nelly? On *Shake It Off*, Church/Eaton, 36, says he's tapping into Bob Marley, Marvin Gaye, Prince and a guy he discovered only three months ago. "Tina the last

person to ever get into *Just Breathe*," he says. "Sitting in my basement and listening to *U2 Rattle and Roll* and realizing that when you're 34."

OK, back to the name. Just was born Johnny and Marvin added the "e" to Gaye. But Jarvis Church is a far cry from Gerald Eaton. "I didn't know anyone knew my personal name," he says. "It's always been, 'Hey, it's the guy from the Philosopher Kings.'" And there's some humor behind the moniker. Jarvis Church refers to the two streets in Toronto that he lived between—the latter known for its gay population, the former for its hookers. All in all, not exactly pretentious.

Diversions | Molly Johnson

The Toronto-based singer has a new CD, *Another Day*, and is currently on a Canadian tour where she's enjoying a hot spot timer.

MUSIC: MARY MARGARET O'HARA, *Apartment Hunting*. "She made me feel so much and they coaxed her into making a little record. It's gorgeous." **TV:** *CONVOLUTION STREET*. "The acting is great. It's the epitome of the American soap. I watch it on a little Meck and while TV shock up in my office with a cup of tea, how unique that."



Music | Mixed reviews

THE VINES, *Highly Evolved*
(2004, July 13)

The fans of rock 'n' roll will like their cheap, long bands more frequently than their, something better than this. The Vines are this week's pretentious, the type for this, the debut effort from the Australian quartet, has been relentless, with one British music rag declaring them the "perfect synthesis of *The Beatles* and *Nirvana*." They sound more like *Offspring* meets the *Moodies* than *Guns N' Roses*. *Highly Evolved* seems wildly more grungy call and response to pretty neo-psychobilly, unlikely to inspire any revolutions, but a welcome departure from Euro-style definition of pop/rock.

RALPH STANLEY, *Ralph Stanley*
(2004, available)

So, you jumped on the *Manic Street Preachers*, bought the *Doves*, threw *AT* that disc and have been anxiously awaiting the next *Tommy Stinson*-approved band. Well, here it is—a solo project from the country/reggae/country/country on that soundtrack. The picking and fiddling throughout this collection of mostly '50s and '60s folk songs is gorgeous, but it's Stanley's dulcet voice that carries the album. *For Him and God-Awakes*, he's driving friends at the local festival gigs.



LINDA THOMPSON, *Unashamedly Late*
(Universal, July 20)

It takes a long time to engage with this CD of infamously slow, folk songs. But then it took a long time to make. In 1963, Linda and Richard Thompson, British folkies, were touring and breaking up. After the split, Linda released one solo album in 1965. Seventeen years later, she's back. On *Unashamedly Late*, Linda's husband sings backup and Richard makes a cameo with some impressive guitar licks, but the CD's one transcendent moment is Linda's ballad, Linda's duet with son Teddy. **REVIEWS BY JONATHAN GATHERHOUSE AND SANDRA DEZIL.**

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MUDDLING THROUGH

Whatever you do, don't declare victory. The disease gods don't seem to like that.

I HAVE THIS terrible habit now: I check often. Not looking for anyone in particular, just scanning the silent details of people's lives and glowing, ever-to-quibly, like a kid sneaking a forbidden peek at a sister's diary, at the cause of death. Heart attack? No problem. Brain aneurysm? Same. Old age—best of all. Far, at the risk of sounding flip—and in the spirit of superstition, which is what this is—none feel like personal threats. The threat here is the most common cause being "cancer," that's my black cat.

People ask how I'm doing now. It's been a year since I finished treatment for Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymph system, and I feel and look better and the news is good. But a few also want to know what I learned, going through all that. They want to expect something profound. I'm afraid I disappoint.

I could talk—have talked—about a renewed faith not only in doctors and finally but in the kindness of strangers. Two winters ago I wrote a column about the cancer, as gradual a succumbance after nearly 30 years. Readers wrote back, sending personal stories, encouragement, even specially knitted wool toques to warm a chemo-battered head. I found all this astonishing, heartening. Given "human" a good name.

What else have I learned? Not to declare victory. The disease gods don't seem to like that, they reach down and, with malicious delight (I hear goblins are mischievous), give it to you again. Or however it happens: in any case, I've stopped talking about cures, as I did for all those years. Another superstition—sort of psychology of cure those.

But here's something else I've learned: not all lessons last. Yet, as you've no doubt read in other cancer stories, survivors suddenly appreciate what's really important, they now to embrace loved ones and whatever else makes them happy (until the doctors, etc.) even to take pleasure in

doing for someone else. The rest—the everyday insanity—seems instantly trivial, not worth the anger and waste. You've probably felt this yourself after some trauma or other, a child's illness or a brush with war or, for that matter, Sept. 11, the apocalyptic visit from Death—or the subtle fear of it—spurs the ultimate back-to-basics movement.

But I wonder: Time passes, trauma recedes. This Sept. 11, for it won't be long before we're inundated with one-year-later stories and the supposed lessons learned. George W. Bush learned so much from his government's intelligence screw-ups that he's trying to keep a lid on them, but the system actually is fixed. Remember when U.S. politics were never going to be the same again? Well, that is politics as usual, eyes on the next electoral prize. And remember the death of unity, how comedy was forever changed? We now have Bushen dressing as Osama bin Laden, OK?

Time passes. He goes on. This too is human, if not always as heartening. My



old associates—wife, son, family doctors, my own more minor health complications—are all back in force, bedeviling as ever, no longer neutralized by the one great worry. I swear at the driver who cuts me off, rant about the usual idiocies: SUVs, Airstri and Shaws, Terney Spears. I want to scream too at kids smoking, biking in tennis courts—though I understand living smart isn't easy even for those who've experienced enough to know better.

But there's no shortage of reminders, lest you forget. If it's not the obits then it's just the word "cancer" flitting out of headlines as if an insect. I read the feel-good stories, Sales Korea nursing from treatment to lead the Canadians in the playoffs tests, a standing O, a common delirium from cheering players, and soon they're again barging their heads into the boards, which is as it should be—life going on at diapason speed.

Cancer hit home too: my wife Nancy, a couple of friends. Nancy's was of a less threatening sort, but cancer all the same. It was a week the day of her operation, again when she received a treatment that left her temporarily going off camera rays, necessitating a series of house precautions and a certain taste for absurdity (just what I needed after all the radiation I've had, I'd joke, a radioactive wife). She's fine now and we're really ready for summer.

What have I learned? That you muddle through. That you choose optimism, because it bears the alternative. It's funny, though, in some ways the immediate aftermath is easier—purer—than the time that follows. Last August, a couple of months after chemo ended, I went water-skiing at a resort in cottage country. My arms and legs were weak and I fell twice before finally getting up and coasting the lake. It was a bit embarrassing, how important it seemed, as if I'd turned the best operation into weakness from the Make-A-Wish Foundation. But it was also exhilarating, cleansing, spraying away the grim draggy winter in a wind rush of wind and water and speed that I could still feel in bed that night.

That's, things haven't been quite so clear since.

Bob Levin is executive editor of Maclean's. boblevin@macleans.ca

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